WALKS AND DRIVES FROM BEN RHYDDING

GEORGE RADFORD, M.A.

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FROM

BEN RHYDDING

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Preface.

"The wretched things," says Dr. Whitaker, "which, if they were more brief than they are, "would be nothing,—things entitling themselves "Guides, Tours, Descriptions, &c., must not be "permitted to boast themselves in the absence "of prolixity. They are at an infinite distance "beneath the dullest details of regular Topog- "raphy."

The critic—for in these days the author of even the most "wretched" production considers himself entitled to the attention of some not less miserable parasite, like the cuckoo with its small attendant bird,—will scarcely accuse me of arrogance if I accept for this medley of extracts the designation "thing."

GEO. RADFORD.

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THEN came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze, the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite.

But past not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, them aveng'd; and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

CHAPTER I.

ROMBALD'S MOOR.

THE name of the Moor which lies to the south-west of Ben Rhydding introduces us to a man who will reappear in other parts of the surrounding district. This man is Robert de Romillé, who obtained the grant of the Skipton Fee from William the Conqueror. Earl Edwin had been the owner in Saxon times. The "wasting" which William caused to be made in this neighbourhood had been preceded by a natural waste of wood and moorland, out of which the Saxons had recovered portions of arable and grazing land. The moor itself was never, probably, covered with a dense wood; even if we consider it likely that the Wolds were woods, this portion of the moorland differs from the famous Yorkshire Wolds. "The fringe of the Moor" was, nevertheless, here, a forest reaching down to the river. Some of the names in the locality will throw light upon this point. These woods were no doubt the scene of many an encounter between the Romans and the Britons. The footsteps of the Romans are numerous in the district: several camps and roads may be traced, and Ilkley was one of their stations. To this subject I shall again refer.

Of the people, whom the Romans came to subdue also, there are traces upon Rombald's Moor which take us back into dim antiquity. Mr. Morant (the editor of Whitaker's 'Craven') enumerates barrows, sepulchral circles, ancient enclosures, and rock sculptures. Some of these carvings upon the bare rock may be seen a little to the west of the Cow and Calf,—two rocks which frown upon Ben Rhydding from the moor above,—and there are others near the Panorama Rocks, at a similar elevation, beyond Ilkley. From these rocks the views are fine.

Instead of giving further, in detail, the positions of these antiquities, I propose to wander with the reader somewhat aimlessly over the moor, and notice whatever there may be of interest in our walk.

About a mile from Ben Rhydding, nearly due south, is an enclosure on the moor which goes by the name of the Roman or British camp. There has been some controversy on the subject, which perhaps is not closed by the remark of the learned antiquary referred to above, that "there is nothing "to indicate the purpose for which the enclosure "was used." Still further south will be found what are called Lanshaw Delves, which have been conjectured to be ancient human dwellings or burial places, but which the best authority describes merely as "disused lime-kilns." This disenchantment has been a sad blow to many, and by some the idea has been repudiated with scorn, and they have asked, "Where can the limestone have been brought "from to supply the kilns, and for what purpose

"can such a site have been chosen at a time when "communication was more difficult than now?" I am fortunately able to say that men are still living whose fathers (about 100 years ago) carried limestones from the river at Burley to Lanshaw Delves on pack-horses, and burnt them by means of the peat which can be obtained at this spot. Up to a very few years ago, peat was regularly cut and dried for fuel, and the sod, stripped from ground where the heather had been burnt a year or two previously, was also used. This sod was called "flar," perhaps from the stronger blaze or flare which proceeded from it.

The use of pack-horses, which I have mentioned, was general, and was the only means of transport until about 140 years ago, when the first cart was introduced into the neighbourhood, of a most primitive construction. (An instance is related of water being carried into Knaresborough on pack-horses and in leather bags, for domestic use!) Labourers at about that time earned half-a-crown a week.

Lanshaw is one of the names which seems to indicate the wooded character of the country. In the small "gills" through which flowed the "becks," whose source was on the moor, the "shaws" or woods pierced somewhat into the rocky moor itself. Below Lanshaw Peat Moss can still be discovered the remains of trees buried in the peat,—a piece of concrete etymology. Some years ago, a hazel bush was taken out of the moss, perfectly embalmed, every branch, leaf, and nut complete.

A favourite walk over the moor is to the Grubstone Shooting Tower, which has been re-named

Hunting Tower. It lies to the south-east, and may best be reached by skirting the moor and crossing Colston Beck immediately below the reservoir. Grubstones is the name of the moor at the place where the tower stands: the tower itself is about sixty years old. The reservoir is Lanshaw dam, and its original purpose was to supply water to Burley Wood Head mill.

Just beyond the edge,—to the north of Lanshaw Delves and the ancient enclosure,—is a place called Green Crag Folds, where the workers from about Skipton brought their metal to sell to Flemish merchants, who shipped it by Hull. Here also droves of black cattle from Scotland, under the care of the "petticoat boys," might constantly be seen on their way to the south, where they ornamented many a noble park before they reached the market.

Beneath the "Cow and Calf" is Hangingstone, a name given to a few houses, and it is said to have borne an earlier one,—Todthorpe, "the home "of old Rennie," from the number of foxes that infested the locality.

Keeping along the slope of the hillside towards Ilkley we reach the old White Wells, the basis of Ilkley's celebrity, near a Turnerian cluster of larch and other trees. Or, climbing to the top of the Cow, a very fine walk may be taken to the Panorama Rocks by keeping on the higher level, crossing Backstone Beck, and passing a heap of stones called the Cairn; or, again, taking the path through the Trough, or the Valley of Rocks.

On the west side of the Ben Rhydding estate

is a narrow strip of the moor which reaches to the river. This strip is called the Rakes, and is one of numerous such belts running down from the moor. The history of them is this: In the past the development of agriculture has led to constant encroachments upon the moor, and Riddings (the origin of the name Ben Rhydding) were those portions of reclaimed land which were fenced off and cultivated. The farmers, however, retained an interest in sheep-keeping, and needed, therefore, an easy access for their flocks to the moor. These Rakes, or sheep-raiks, in other words sheep-walks, were left as communications down even to the river. They were useful also for the great "wash" which was held yearly. The "Ilkley Moor Wash" took place at the sand beds just above the bridge. All the owners gathered their sheep together on the Saturday before Bradford fair, and owners from other moors assembled to see if they could get a glimpse of any of their "strays." This compliment was returned by the Ilkley farmers. A fortnight after the washing, the clipping took place. This interval was allowed to elapse because immediately after being washed the wool weighed unduly light, and it was thought scarcely fair to deprive the purchaser of all the dirt.

It has often been remarked that the sheep on Rombald's Moor are very dark coloured, and a word or two on this subject may not be thrown away. The farmers every year "salve" their sheep; that is, rub an ointment into the wool which itself is of a tarry colour, and which tends to cause the adhesion of the dark peaty earth and the charred

heather which is periodically burnt. This explanation, however, is by no means universally received.

As opposed to sheep-raik, a sheep-gate is an area on the moor allotted to one sheep. Four sheep-gates make one cattle-gate: the latter is the unit. A farmer is allowed a certain number of gates on the moor, or, in other words, he is allowed to turn out on the moor a certain number of cattle, or four times the number of sheep. On Rombald's Moor there is no limit to the number of gates. This is very injurious to the rights of the majority of the landowners, for a small farmer may eat the whole moor up with his numerous sheep, which he could not do if it were "stinted."

There are three barrows on the east side of the moor. The first is to the east of Lanshaw Delves, just before reaching Colston Beck. The second is on what is called the Long Riggin, about three-quarters of a mile south-east of the first. The third is about half-a-mile due south of the second. About a mile from the second barrow, along the edge of the Long Riggin westwards, and a little north, is a circle of upright stones.

The good folk have invented their own romances out of the names and phenomena familiar to them. They have the Giant Rombald, and they have Rombald a chief of the ancient Britons. The first and second barrows are known by them respectively as the little and great "skirtful of stones," and these piles are variously accounted for. The more historical authorities among the countrymen say that the daughter of a chief, who, like Boadicea, fell fighting against her country's foes, was honoured

by having her heart buried under the greater heap; but the simple names agree more exactly with the simple story that Rombald's wife collected them for the purpose of coercing her obstinate husband.

The story of Job Senior, the Rombald's Moor hermit, should perhaps be alluded to. This eccentric man, on the death of his wife, who possessed a small piece of land on the moor, and after the decay of their hut, burrowed into the hill, and existed there for years. He lived chiefly on oatmeal,—which he procured by a kind of half mendicant system of peculiar singing,—and potatoes, which he grew in his bit of land. He made occasional excursions to Bingley and other towns, where he was received as "a character."

Over the open moor, the walks which may be taken are only limited by the "bogs" which are less or more numerous and troublesome according to the weather. (Those who are unaccustomed to walk over this kind of ground may be guided by remembering that where heather grows the earth is safe, but where a particularly green patch is seen it is necessary to look well to one's steps.) I may, however, indicate a few of the routes which lead to places of interest, and to the towns which lie round the moor. There is, first, the walk past the sand holes—which may be found a little to the east of the Cow and Calf—down to Burley Wood Head, and thence either to Burley or Menston. Then there are those which have already been indicated, to Grubstones and other places. About two miles south, and a little east of Lanshaw Dam, is the "Gaping Goose," or Intake Gate, the former

being the name of an old inn; on the way the three barrows may be visited, and further romances made, should inclination lead in that direction. From Intake Gate we may return to Menston, which lies almost due east, or, which is preferable for good walkers, go on to the south-east to Hawksworth, a place which will be mentioned later. Beyond Hawksworth is Park Gate,—the residence of Mr. Matthew William Thomson, — and beyond, again, lie Yeadon, Guiseley, and other towns. Again, a mile beyond the Gaping Goose, to the south, lies Faweather, from which we may take the road south-east through Sconce to Baildon, or south-west by Eldwick Old Hall and Morton, to Bingley.

There is another road to Bingley on the Ilkley side. The carriage road passes Ilkley Wells House, and, by a rustic cottage, up Weary Hill,—a name suggestive of the climb. It may be reached on foot, either by taking the walk past the Cairn already alluded to, or by climbing the hillside by the Old White Wells. The road is so difficult, that it is seldom used for carriages, but makes a very fine bridle road. About three miles from Ilkley is Bradup Gate (sometimes called Keighley Gate), and a little further stands Upwood House, near which the road branches to the right to Keighley, and to the left to Bingley.

Half-way to Bradup Gate from Weary Hill is an old Stone Cross called Cowper's Cross, which has possibly been used for the double purpose of Sanctuary and finger-post. The use of crosses on moors has been referred to by St. Chrysostom, and

only the most cynical will suggest that in early times no beneficial influence was exerted by these memorials. The more recent tradition concerning the cross is that a man named Cowper perished on the moor at this spot, and his friends erected a stone as a memorial to him, and also as a warning and guide to others. This stone having been broken, either by accident or through mischief, the lord of the manor re-erected it in its present form.

About half-way between Lanshaw Delves and the highest point on the moor (known as Nixon's Station) is a spring called "Load Saddle Well," which name indicates a point on the old "hack-and-pack" road where a halt was made for rest and food. This road used to lead down Bow Beck —the stream which flows into the Wharfe down the side of the valley opposite to Ben Rhydding,— across the river at the Stepping Stones, up through Wheatley, and over the threshold of Ben Rhydding.

Between Nixon's Station and Bradup Gate is a series of large rocks known as Thimblestones, and a quarter of a mile west of Bradup Gate is a place called Buckstones, or Buxton Crag, from which is an extensive view. North of Buckstones, towards a stream which bears the name of Heber's Gill, is perhaps the most boggy part of the moor. North-east of Thimblestones is a circular elevation called Round Hill. About Buckstones a large number of hawks build their nests.

Rombald's Moor belongs to the Millstone Grit series of geological formations, from which springs that wonderful water for which the neighbourhood is so famed. The plants specially mentioned by

Mr. Hailstone in 'Whitaker's Craven' as having their habitat on the moor, particularly near Eldwick, are: the narrow-leaved Bog speedwell *(Veronica scutellata)*; the lovely Bogbean *(Menyanthes trifoliata)*; the marsh Penny Wort *(Hydrocotyle vulgaris)*; the delicate Trientalis *(Trientalis Europæa)*; the Cowberry *(Vaccinium vitis-idæa)*; and the Cranberry *(Vaccinium oxyococcus)*.

Upon the splendid scenes which are spread before the eye, when standing on the higher parts of the moor, I need not enlarge. I will only say that York Minster can be seen when the atmosphere is clear. And to those beauties which lie close at hand it would be impossible to do justice; to describe would be to spoil. Even in late autumn (when I write this) the varied colours are wonderful: there is first the sickly yellow of the bent, thrown against the green "louk" grass, and the dark patches and tufts of heather, which become a transparent olive green towards the roots: still darker are the tumbled rocks over which a pink-brown flood is thrown—an avalanche of faded bracken.

CHAPTER II.

ILKLEY AND THE WHARFE.

IN the last chapter we saw that Ilkley was a Roman station (called Olicana), and we may now consider more fully this interesting fact. And to some readers a few remarks upon the Britons who occupied this district at the time of the Roman invasion, may be welcome.

The whole of Yorkshire was included in the territory of the tribe known as Brigantes, into whose special realm Julius Cæsar did not penetrate. Claudius nominally subdued them, and in his reign their queen, Cartismandua, degraded in many ways, completed her disgrace by the surrender of the hero Caractacus into the hands of Ostorius Scapula. At the time of the arrival of the Romans the manners and habits of the Britons were rude in the extreme. "Forests are their cities," says Strabo; "for having "enclosed an ample space with felled trees, they "make themselves huts therein, and lodge their cattle, "though not for any long continuance." Out of this wild life, however, they soon emerged, greatly drawn by Roman civilization.

Thomson has well described their original state, in his picture of the effect of Industry:

"And still the sad barbarian, roving, mixed
"With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
"Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch,
"Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
"With winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
"Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
"Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
"And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
"For home he had not;"—

And again, upon the same theme, in his "Castle of Indolence," he speaks directly of the Britons:

"To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
"The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
"A sylvan life till then the natives led,
"In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
"All careless rambling where it liked them most:
"Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade;
"They lodged at large, and lived at Nature's cost;
"Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
"Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd."

The southern part of Britain, after the death of Boadicea, and the milder policy of the Romans which succeeded her revolt, became peaceful and prosperous, and the northern portion, of which we are speaking, felt the first subduing influence of Rome. The military control was exercised from Chester, and it is pleasing to think that the virtuous Agricola, as Gibbon calls him, took command of the 20th legion on this station, on his first service in Britain. From Chester, while "keeping in check the "Brigantes of Yorkshire," to use Dr. Merivale's words, his duties may have led him down the valley of the Wharfe; and during his long command of the whole island, a few years later, he may have trod this very

spot and made Ilkley, in truth, classic ground. The series of encampments which we shall consider later, in connection with Addingham and Nessfield, show that the safety of communication here was of importance. In the reign of Hadrian, who visited this province of his empire, "the building of cities, the "cultivation of the land, the construction of roads, the "erection of neat or voluptuous pleasure-houses, had "converted the lair of Cæsar's painted savages into "an Italian garden." "The lead of Yorkshire," and ores from other places, "had all been brought into "requisition to supply the essential wants of a thriving "population, and to pour their surplus into the Impe-"rial treasury." . . . . "Meanwhile, the greatest "sphere of British energy and activity seems to have "lain in the northern rather than in the southern "parts of England." . . . "Eboracum, or York, "seems to have been the chief city of the province, "and the resources of the country round it to have "been most thoroughly explored and utilized. A "stimulus, no doubt, was given in this quarter to "productions of all kinds by the presence of the local "government and of the legions which maintained it. "Eboracum was the seat of the prefect, with his "official staff, and the ministers of his luxury, while "Londinium was still a mere resort of traders." If we connect with these passages from Dr. Merivale the lead mines of Skipton, the coins discovered at Knaresborough and other places, and the Roman villa which we shall find at Gargrave, as well as the military works already alluded to, we shall gain some idea of the active, and I might say happy, state of this part of the country at this period.

In the time of Severus, we find from an inscription that the fortified post of Olicana was restored by Virius Lupus, who held the rank of proprætor. I may at this point give a quotation from Whitaker on this subject: "The fortress (of Ilkley) itself," he says, "of which the outline on three sides is very "entire, and measures about one hundred and sixty "by one hundred yards, was placed on the steep and "lofty bank, having the river Wharfe on the north, "and the deep channel of a brook immediately on "the east and west. The southern boundary seems "to have coincided with the present street, and the "hall and parish church were evidently included "within it. This circumstance is frequent in Roman "stations which have become the bases of towns "or villages. Some remains of population continued "to linger about them after that people had with-"drawn, or perhaps their then remaining strength "and security would engage the first Saxon pos-"sessors to erect their mansions within these "enclosures, and the site of the parish church was "never far separated from the residence of the lord. "The foundations of the fortress, bedded in indis-"soluble mortar, are very conspicuous, and remains "of Roman brick, glass, and earthenware, every-"where appear on the edges of the brow."

The reference to the Saxons leads us to the decline of the Roman power. At the end of the third century the weakness of the Government was felt, and Carausius openly defied the power of Maximian. A century later, the central feebleness was found out by an outside as well as by an inward foe, and the depredations of the Saxons

brought down upon them Theodosius, who stopped their harrying for a time. The Picts and Scots also swept down from the north,—forerunners of those barbarians of a later age who, as we shall see, desolated Yorkshire. In the reign of Honorius, at the beginning of the fifth century, the Romans finally departed, and left their former subjects a prey to those Saxon rovers who had already become familiar with British soil.

The Saxons did not obtain control of middle Britain until later. When they arrived at Olicana, they settled inside the fort, as Whitaker observes, and called their new possession after the Roman name, with the addition of their descriptive word "ley." It is conjectured that Ylcanley is something like their rendering.

From the Ilkley of the Romans let us pass for a moment to the Wharfe of the Romans. This river was personified by them under the character of the nymph Verbeia, about whom Whitaker, on the strength of a votive inscription which still exists at Midelton Lodge, well says: "Verbeia was "dangerous as well as fair; the Roman Trajectus "was a deep and stony ford, and the prefect, "Claudius Fronto, having unwarily plunged into "its deceitful torrent, or been supplanted by the "slippery gravel in its bed, might vow an altar in "the moment of distress, and absolve his obligation "in the calmer season of gratitude." And Camden writes thus: "From the mountains of Craven comes "also the Wherf, or Wharf, Saxon Guerf, and runs "for a long time parallel with the Are. If any one "should be disposed to think its name strained

"from 'Guer,' which signifies in British 'rapid,' he "will find support for his opinion in the stream "itself, which rushes along with great rapidity and "rage, dashing against innumerable numbers of "stones, which it bears before it to the astonish- "ment of beholders, especially when swoln with "winter rains. In summer, too, it is very dangerous, "as I experienced to my cost in my first tour to "these parts." Mr. Morant completes Camden's etymology by adding to "guer" the word *aw*, which signifies water.

What vestiges of the Saxons remain at Ilkley, besides the good honest blood which flows in the veins of the Yorkshiremen of the present day, are—the site of the church, and three crosses which may still be seen in the churchyard. These crosses were noted by Leland, and have caused much speculation from his time downward. Having been used as gate posts at one time, they are somewhat disfigured. They were "sepulchral monuments," and are carved with many devices, among others, with symbolic representations of the authors of the four gospels. For a full account of them I must refer the reader to our constant authority, Whitaker, and more particularly to Mr. Morant's addition to that book. From the same source I extract the following particulars concerning the church: "A church existed here about A.D. 1085, as "shown by Domesday. The present building "consists of nave, north and south aisles, chancel, "south porch, and a western tower of the "Decorated period, with eight bells. The nave "has four bays of arches, simply double chamfered;

"the piers are octagonal. The cap of one, on the "north side, is of Norman character, and very curious. "The south doorway is Early English, with two "heavy, continuous semi-circular mouldings, and "two rows of dog-teeth, divided by a bead. The "chancel has been entirely rebuilt, but the original "chancel arch remains; it is four centred. There "are clerestory windows on the south side only, each "having five lights. The east end of the south "aisle appears to have been the Middleton Chapel. "The piscina remains, and in the south wall, under "a low-recessed arch, is the effigy of a cross-legged "knight, attributed to Sir Adam de Middleton. The "pulpit, reading-desk, and font, are all modern, and "so also is the seating, except a curious pew at "the west end of the north aisle. It is enclosed "in front by an oak balustraded screen, and is "dated 1663. The nave roof is open. The aisles "have lean-to roofs."

The severe Vicar of Whalley describes the church as being in worse repair than any other in the Deanery (of Craven), but since these words were written it has been restored, and the present vicar, the Rev. A. C. Downer, M.A., has carried out still further restorations. One interesting fact has been discovered during the progress of this work. It will have been noticed by those who have visited the church that the west window is not in the centre of the wall, but is nearer to the north. It is now clear that there existed a south wall, at the same distance from the window as the present north wall, and the roof has been constructed so that it has been included in the nave of the church.

The following words of Camden are still true, though Stubham must be altered into Midelton Lodge. He says: "I met with nothing else remarkable, but a stone figure, in armour, of Sir Adam "Midelton, who seems to have lived under Edward I., "whose posterity still remain in the neighbourhood, "at Stubham." Sir Adam de Midelton died in 1315.

Besides the parish church, interesting as taking us back through many centuries, there is another church in Ilkley remarkable for the beauty of its architecture. This is St. Margaret's, the work of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., which stands on the hillside, not far from Ilkley Wells House. The church is built on a slope, and its site is therefore not so pleasing as the structure itself. Ilkley is fortunate in possessing also another example of this accomplished artist's work, in the form of a private residence.

There are several churches belonging to other religious denominations, namely,—Congregational, Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist; besides a Friends' Meeting-house and a Roman Catholic Chapel. The first-named stands in the best situation in Ilkley, and for beauty would scarcely be unworthy of Pugin. Its schools, and other buildings, make it one of the most valuable and complete ecclesiastical structures in the north of England: its pastor is the Rev. S. D. Hillman.

Ancient Ilkley was as pretty a village as it is possible to conceive. Down Brook Street ran formerly the stream which, at a point a little higher than the present fountain, turned the old water mill, where the oats were made into "shilling." From

this meal was produced porridge, oatcake, and clap-cake: staple articles of diet; for wheat-bread was only tasted on Sunday afternoon. A hundred years ago, in the old mill, might be seen a remarkable sight—a woman carrying on her back, all day long, the sacks, containing twelve score and twelve pounds of grain, up the steps, to shoot them into the hopper above.

I may scarcely undertake to enumerate the local celebrities who, no doubt, in the history of Ilkley, have made her famous among villages. I must, however, mention the name of one good man, who, though now preaching the Word of God on the other side of the Atlantic, retains unsevered his close connection with the village of his early life. At Blubberhouses, we shall visit with pleasure the "smithy" where Robert Collyer worked; and no less interesting is the scene of his twenty years' labour as a blacksmith. I am pleased to learn that under his direction there will shortly be published memorials of Ilkley, which will render superfluous any excuse for the scantiness of my remarks.

I do not propose to describe the course of the Wharfe, as we shall trace it in subsequent walks and drives, and visit the points of interest on its banks. On the literature of the subject before Dr. Whitaker, I need not do more than mention the names of Harrison and Dayton, besides that of Camden, whose descriptions of the Wharfe are given in the "History of Craven." In this book the author has discussed the river in his own masterly way. In speaking of Burley we shall make the acquaintance of Maude's "Verbeia."

One poet, who might be highly praised if all his work were equal to the best portions, has written upon Ilkley and the Wharfe, as well as upon the whole district, with the love of a child of nature, and a knowledge of the history of his native locality. With the following lines from John Nicholson I close this chapter:

"Through shades of oak which have for centuries grown,
"Wharfe winds her way to Ilkley's ancient town;
"No altars now unto her streams are raised,
"As when the Roman sacrifices blazed;
"Yet she rolls on, when Romans are no more,
"Unworshipped, hastes to mix with ocean's roar.

. . . . . .

"Peace, Love, and Solitude near Ilkley dwell,
"And Health sits smiling at her mountain well;
"Thus did she sit, and made this vale her home,
"Before invading Cæsar marched from Rome."

CHAPTER III.

DENTON.

AT the north end of Ilkley, behind the Middleton Hotel, will be found the Old Bridge—a means of crossing to the other side of the river, more picturesque than it is convenient. There is, up to the present, no bridge between this point and Otley on the one hand, and Bolton on the other. Turning to the right after crossing, we pass the field on the left where the annual sports are held. The road skirts a meadow, tempting beyond description for a gallop, which separates it from the river. In a very short distance we reach a bend in the stream, where the current has formed one of those liquid pools which have always tempted the healthy swain to plunge into their depths. The road now takes us along the bank for about a mile, the beautiful river murmuring by our side. When we arrive nearly opposite Wheatley, we may cross to the other bank by means of the time-honoured passage of a ford, or by the stepping-stones which stand immediately below. Or if we remain on the same side, the course of another half-mile brings us to Denton, a charming village, almost hidden among its trees. Here was

the seat, for many generations, of one of England's noblest families—that of the Fairfaxes. This family became possessed of Denton and Asquith (the next village), as well as some property in York, by the marriage of Sir Wm. Fairfax of Steeton with Isabella Thwaites, the daughter of John (Whitaker says Thomas) Thwaites, an eminent lawyer in the time of Henry VIII. There is a romantic story told about the courtship of these two, and the nunnery of Appleton where Isabel was residing—I might almost say was immured—but Nun-Appleton is too far away to allow of its insertion. The scene of the romance afterwards came into the possession of the Fairfaxes, and was Sir Thomas' favourite residence.

Sir William Fairfax, who was living at the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace, joined that rebellion; but it may be questioned whether he joined it heartily, or, like many other prominent men, was forced into it by the insurgents. His eldest son, Thomas, inherited Denton and Nun-Appleton; to the younger was given Steeton and Bolton Percy. This Sir Thomas was the father of the first Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, and of Edward, the poet, to whom I shall refer again. Lord Fairfax had many children: the eldest was Ferdinando, second Lord Fairfax, who was the father of Thomas, the third or great Lord Fairfax. This celebrated Parliamentary commander was born at Denton, but spent his early life at Skow Hall, a house at no great distance from his birthplace. His grandfather took deep interest in him, and thought much more of his abilities than of those of Sir Ferdinando; but though his comparative judgment has been confirmed by history, his positive assertion that

the second lord was "a mere coward at fighting," proved incorrect. There are many anecdotes about the intercourse of these three men, who belonged to three generations, which may be found collected in Markham's "Life of Fairfax."

"Fiery Young Tom," as Sir Thomas was called, was knighted by Charles I. for his services in the first Scottish campaign; but when the tyranny of the king was resisted by the Parliament, both he and his father took the side of law and of the Constitution. For some time it fared hardly with the two Fairfaxes, but they nobly held their ground, and helped their friends as much as bravery could: the terms of admiration and affection which the tough Yorkshiremen showered on Sir Thomas was their return for his staunchness in the good cause. After a time more prosperous days dawned, and the famous Yorkshire campaign led up to the battle of Marston Moor.

The great men on either side, in the civil war, must have had the faculty, which is ascribed by the late Mr. Sothern to birds only, of being in several places at the same time; for Cromwell and others slept, according to tradition, in many beds on the night preceding the battle of Marston Moor. It appears, however, that Rupert really did sleep at Denton, on his way to York from Lancashire. Mr. Markham says: "For one night he lodged at Denton "Hall, the seat of Lord Fairfax, and it might natur- "ally have been expected that, in accordance with "his usual custom, the house of an enemy would "have been gutted and destroyed. But in the gallery "at Denton there hung a portrait of young William "Fairfax, the gallant cavalier who had shed his blood

"so freely at Frankenthal for Rupert's mother. The "Prince may have reflected, too, that not only his "mother, but his eldest brother, the Prince Elector, "disapproved of his conduct; and that, while two of "Lord Fairfax's brothers died fighting for his mother, "the queen of hearts, he had drawn his sword in a "bad cause without that mother's approval. He "could not, for very shame, burn the house of the "Fairfaxes, and he gave orders that it should not "be injured."

Dr. Whitaker, in relating this circumstance, says that the portrait was of "John Fairfax, younger "brother of the then lord."

The splendid career of Sir Thomas, who soon became Lord Fairfax, from Marston Moor to the final victory of the Parliament, is familiar. His moderation and justice make his name respected even by those who detest the name of Cromwell; his abilities and uprightness made Cromwell himself more anxious to remain as his subordinate than to supersede him: his own words reflect the spirit which animated his life—

"To merit honour, and yet have it not,
"Is better than to have't and merit not."

Milton's opinion of him may, perhaps, have undergone some change, when Fairfax differed afterwards from Cromwell, but his sonnet remains as an undying tribute to his worth, and the following less-known passage, translated from the Latin by Mr. Masson, confirms it: "Neither can thou be passed over, Fair-"fax: a man in whom nature and the divine favour "have conjoined with the greatest fortitude a modesty "and purity of life equally great. Thou also de-"servest by thine own right and merit to be brought

"in for a share of these praises, although now in that "retirement of thine, like Scipio Africanus of old at "Liternum, thou hidest thyself as much as thou canst, "and hast conquered not the enemy alone, but also "ambition, and, what conquers sometimes the best of "men, glory, and enjoyest thy virtues and illustrious "deeds in that most delightful and glorious rest "which is the end of all labours and even the greatest "human actions; such rest as, when it was enjoyed "by the ancient heroes after wars and renown not "greater than thine, the poets who tried to praise "them despaired of being able worthily to represent "otherwise than by fabling them to have been re-"ceived into heaven, and to be reclining at the feasts "of the gods."

When the campaign against the Scots was decided upon by the Council of State, Lord Fairfax resigned his command of the army, and on Cromwell's accession to supreme power, he withdrew into close retirement at Nun-Appleton. His last interview with the Protector was an unpleasant one, the subject of it being the Duke of Buckingham. This nobleman, it will be remembered, was the son-in-law of Fairfax, and was imprisoned by Cromwell's orders, to the great annoyance of his old commander. On the death of Cromwell, Lord Fairfax took an active part in the settlement of affairs. Lambert,—whom we shall hereafter visit at his birthplace,—was at the head of ten thousand men, and was prepared to crush any unseasonable outburst of feeling. He and Monk watched each other jealously, and the third veteran watched them both. Fairfax at this juncture, without a soldier to support him, determined to

collect his friends, and fortify Denton against Lambert until Monk's arrival from the north. But he was spared this inconvenience by the timely information that a part of Lambert's army was prepared to follow the old Lord-General in preference to their present commander. Lord Fairfax appointed a meeting-place; and thus upon the familiar ground of Marston Moor he defeated Lambert—himself a hero—without a blow, and by his name alone.

We must not dissociate from Lord Fairfax his noble wife, whose devotion to her husband, and her boldness on the occasion of the King's trial, place her among the chief women of our land.

Henry, the son of Lord (Ferdinando) Fairfax's brother Henry, succeeded to Denton, and his son Thomas succeeded him; but on his death the Denton property was sold by his widow, during the minority of her son. By this improper sale the property in Yorkshire passed out of the Fairfax line, and Denton became possessed by the Ibbetsons, who have transferred it, by marriage, to the Wyvills. The present owner is Mr. Marmaduke Wyvill.

The old house, in which the first Lord Fairfax used to grumble, where Edward Fairfax no doubt instructed his nephews and grandnephews, where Sir Ferdinando bore patiently his father's humours, and where Sir Thomas was born and spent many years of his life,—is now no more, it has vanished, and "left not a rack behind." Dr. Whitaker, in referring to Sir Thomas Fairfax's taste for antiquarian pursuits, says: "Could I assure myself that "during his lifetime," the collections of Dodsworth, which he instituted, "were reposited at Denton, I

"should regard the place with more veneration than "as having given birth or residence to the 'Hero of "the Commonwealth.'" It appears that the present house is the third: "the first," Mr. Hargrove says, "being consumed by fire, from the carelessness of a servant; anno 1734." The expectation which the outside raises of finding within a series of stately rooms, is not disappointed; and these rooms contain valuable pictures, among others is a large painting by Rubens, but unfortunately its pedigree is not assured.

Denton Church is not very old, and is extremely small, but its beautiful situation, and the pleasant walk to it across the stepping-stones, often attract those who love to attend Divine service in the retirement of a quiet village. Several members of the Ibbetson family are buried in the church, and outside lies the gravestone of Lady Fairfax, the wife of Henry, Lord Fairfax. This stone is almost the only remnant of the earlier burials; Sir Thomas, the father of the first lord, was buried at Denton, but his tomb has been destroyed. The position of the former chapel was about the site of the present house.

In the church is a painted glass window, dated 1700. "The subject," says Dr. Whitaker, "is David "playing on his harp, with some not very consistent "accompaniments of modern instruments; but though "the colours want the rich glow of former centuries, "the design and drawing of the work are far from "being contemptible." The inscription below, in Latin, is rendered in our English version—

"Both young men and maidens, old men and children,
Let them praise the Name of the Lord."

CHAPTER IV.

WESTON AND FARNLEY.

AFTER passing by the front of Denton Hall, and through the Park, the road leaves the immediate vicinity of the river, and takes the higher ground. The village, which we soon reach, is Asquith, or the Oakford, a small township in the old Saxon parish of Otley. Somewhat further is Weston Hall, which stands between the road and the river, in a finely wooded park. The Hall faces the Wharfe, and looks best from that side. Its "ivy-mantled tower" would naturally suggest the author of that expression, and we think with pleasure that Thomas Gray noted this beautiful spot, in that journal which is unsatisfying in its brevity, because we know what, in his hands, might have been made of Wharfedale. The words of the poet are: "Weston, a venerable stone fabric, "with large offices, of Mr. Vavasor. The meadows "in front gently descending to the water, and "behind, a great and shady wood." Weston and Asquith are twin townships, forming one parish, which Dr. Whitaker twice characterises as "diminutive." The parish church is close to the Hall,

and dates from the 12th century. The Hall itself is an Elizabethan structure. The family of the Stophams were the first lords, from whom the manor was carried, by marriage, to the Vavasours, in which family it has continued until lately.

Before entering Otley, we may conveniently visit Farnley Hall, which lies a little beyond that town on the left bank of the river. The present owner is Mr. Ayscough Fawkes. The name of Fawkes is derived by Whitaker from Falcasius de Farneley, who held the estate in the time of Henry III. The descent has not come down unbroken, however, from that time, the name having been assumed by the Hawksworths, under circumstances which will be related in another place.

The house is composed of two parts, one modern, the other Elizabethan. The former is a very handsome building, both inside and out, and the latter, literally covered with ivy, is extremely picturesque and beautiful. The interior, too, is charming, with ancient well-carved woodwork, and a solid staircase, which is a triumph of joiners' art. There are many vestiges of the commanders of the civil war, and relics, among which are the seal of the Commonwealth; Cromwell's sword, hat, and watch; the sword of Fairfax, and a cup made out of one of his boots worn at Marston Moor; also the sword of Lambert.

The structure of Farnley Hall would well repay a careful study, especially those outlying portions which in their mouldering state are exceedingly beautiful: but we must hasten to see that for which we came.

Re-entering the house, which I have already alluded to as interesting to students of the history of the Civil war, a treat is in store for those who love the painter's art. But first let us honour those who, no doubt at personal inconvenience, share with others the treasures they possess. Mr. Fawkes' kindness is unvarying in admitting to his house those who really wish to see the pictures; and the method he adopts of granting admission increases the pleasure and the value of it.

The first room we enter contains exclusively drawings by Turner. There are about fifty, five of which are devoted to the Wharfe and neighbourhood. There are subjects of all kinds: Alpine scenery, and vessels of war; St. Peter's, Rome; and Lancaster Sands; in fact, the collection admirably displays the versatility of Turner's genius. Over the door is a portrait by him of Mr. Walter Fawkes, his friend and host. No. 46, "Luncheon on the Moors," gives an idea of the hospitality of Mr. Fawkes; the pic-nic, provided with tents, being more elaborate than is usually seen. No. 34, "Wharfedale, from Chevin Park," is the best of the Wharfedale series, if, indeed, it is not one of the best of the drawings in the room. The simple method of obtaining the silvery river, is worth noting. The deer, which Turner introduces into this, and into "The Strid," were more numerous in the valley then than now. The second and third rooms contain some of Turner's oils, and numerous specimens of the old masters. The great master of light and dark, Corregio, is represented by "The Holy Family," and "A Girl Bathing;" Guido Reni by

"Magdalen," which Mr. Hargrove calls "a celebrated "picture, that once belonged to the family of Mont-"morency, in France;" there are two by Guercino, "Pallas and Arachne," and "Susannah." Lucas van Leyden is said by Wornum to have given his figures a "coquettish" air; but certainly this remark does not apply to a small picture by him called "Hell," which (I say it with reverence) is a good representation of the black country at night, but which only puts on the canvas the language of Tertullian respecting the future of the sinner. Ruysdael and Cuyp both appear on the walls in friendly rivalry, but unquestionably the palm must be given to the latter for his "Landscape and Cattle,"—the cattle being two horses and riders. This small picture is a gem. Rubens and Vandyke are there; also the great Spaniard, Velasquez, with a "Magdalen" much less pleasing than that of Guido. Holbein appears as uninteresting as ever in a female portrait. Carlo Dolci contributes a "Virgin;" and, coming nearer home, and to our own times, Greuze is represented by two pictures, both good, but one especially, the "Girl and Kid," exceedingly pretty. I must not, however, omit an exquisite "Sleeping Figure," by Annibale Carracci. Bakhuizen is seen in his own element, "A Storm at Sea." Of our own painters, Hogarth is there with his "Courtship in the Olden Time." Reynolds has three: one apparently an early one, and one an unfinished sketch, which is, however, both interesting and beautiful; "Miss Gwatkin" is a good example of his best work. A portrait of "Lady Hamilton," by Romney, must be admired by all, but it is possible to appreciate more thoroughly the

beauty of the picture by comparing it with the engraving which stands by its side: the latter, though good, altogether losing the surpassing loveliness which Romney was so felicitous in placing on his canvas. But I must end with Turner, to whose memory the place is sacred. Here are six large pictures by him, one, 'Rembrandt's Daughter,' a figure piece, the remainder landscapes. They all, I should think, belong to about the same epoch, and are—"A Sunset," "Three First-rate Men of War," "The Lake of Geneva," "The Pilot Boat," and "Dort." The last is at least as large as the picture painted for the Vicar of Wakefield by the "limner," which could not be removed from the kitchen, and exceeds Turner's usual size. It is a very fine work.

An additional interest attaches to these works of Turner, when we remember that he was a frequent visitor at Farnley Hall, and from it rambled over a great portion of Craven. Mr. Hamerton says: "In "later life all that land became consecrated to him "by one of the most affectionate friendships that ever "cheered the solitude of a bachelor's existence. "Farnley Hall is near the Wharfe, and Mr. Fawkes "made Turner so happy there, that the place was "dearer than home to him. He was a hard worker, "and, like all hard workers, capable of thoroughly "forgetting work, and heartily amusing himself. His "favourite recreation was fishing. The Wharfe is a "very good stream for the angler, between Bolton "Abbey and Farnley Hall; so that Turner may have "had an angler's attachment for it as well as a "painter's. Besides the Wharfe, and the sweet vale "in which Bolton Priory lies nestling, there was a

"strong attraction for the Londoner in the hills "whence the young stream flows. There are many "bold hills in Yorkshire, but few strike the eye and "awaken the imagination more than the heights "about Barden Tower, because their wildness is such "a contrast, after the rich peace of the sacred vale."

Farnley Chapel is not in the grounds, but may be seen from the gate behind the house. It may be visited at any time, and makes a very pleasant walk from Otley, through country which has a more southern appearance than the neighbouring district. The chapel was described by Dr. Whitaker as follows, but it has been restored since the time he wrote :— "About half a mile above (an unusual distance from "the manor house), is the diminutive and antique "chapel, of which only the choir remains. At the "west end is the original arch of the choir, with "billet mouldings of the twelfth century. After the "first nave was demolished, the choir underwent "an enlargement eastward—but even this has single "and narrow windows, not later than the time of "Henry III. It is seldom that we see such "appearances of high antiquity, at least in the "north of England, attached to such humble "foundations. It is in the strict and canonical "sense of the word a chapel-of-ease to Otley; for "here is no font, and there are no interments."

The present chapel, also, is very small. At the west end is a gallery and an interesting window, upon which are engraved the arms of most of the kings of England. At the bottom of the window is this inscription:

"This chapel, erected A.D. 1250, was restored A.D. 1851, by F. H. Fawkes, of Farnley."

The restoration must almost have been an absolute rebuilding. The old stones were used, and some of the mouldings are preserved, but no trace of the old windows exists, and only portions of the original walls can be seen. The roof, formerly of heavy flags, is now composed of slate, but the old shape has been adhered to. A porch has been added. On the whole, a barn-like structure has been replaced by a neat church. At the east end the windows bear the arms of the Fawkes family.

Interments have been made during the last 30 years, and among others buried in the graveyard lie Mr. F. H. Fawkes, the restorer of the chapel, and his wife.

Outside, at the west end, is a primitive method of bellringing. The bellringer stands in the churchyard under a modest sounding-board, which in wet weather is supposed to shield him from the rain.

CHAPTER V.

OTLEY AND THE CHEVIN.

"OTLEY," says Mr. Whitaker, "is one of the "great Saxon parishes, the parent of several "others, which were separated in the uni- "versal spirit of church building after the "Conquest." The same antiquary wishes it to be understood, that the name does not mean the Field of Oats, but of Otho.

Mr. Hargrove, on the other hand, says: "A place, "perhaps, once famous for the cultivation of oats; "and where great quantities of that sort of grain "continue to be disposed of weekly." Domesday, however, supports Dr. Whitaker, whose instinct in a matter of this kind may be safely trusted.

Among the places which have been, or will be, mentioned, the following were included in this ancient parish: Midelton, Denton, Farnley, Weston, Pool, Guiseley, Hawksworth, Menston, Burley, and Ilkley. Of the early church, the north door, and that alone, remains; during recent restorations portions of the original fabric have been discovered, and pieces of Saxon crosses also. Within the last twenty years, the church has been re-roofed, re-

pewed, and ornamented by several stained-glass windows. The re-pewing is due to that modern and, doubtless, worthy, though to some unintelligible, anxiety to make all the seats free, and the congregation promiscuous. Formerly the great pews were owned by the manors in the parish, and did certainly establish an oaken barrier between classes. The chancels extend very slightly beyond the walls of the aisles.

The most interesting tomb is in the south transept, and is that of the first Lord Fairfax, and his wife Helen. The virtues of the latter are no doubt expressed by these lines found below the effigies:

"Here Lea's frutfulness,
Here Rachel's beuty;
Here lyeth Rebecca's faith,
Here Sarah's duty."

Francis Fawkes, of Farnley, and others of the same family, are also buried in the church. This Francis is the Fawkes to whom I shall refer when we come to Hawksworth.

The Archbishops of York, who were the first lords after the Conquest, had a manor house in Otley, on the north, but it does not now exist.

Otley, like Skipton and Knaresboro', was an ancient market town. The Statute Fair,—"Statis," as it is called,—or Martinmas Hirings, still exist, but have, during the lifetime of many now living, fallen off greatly; so that perhaps not more than one-fifth of the number of contracts are made now that were made forty or fifty years ago. Mr. Heath, in his "Peasant Life," has drawn such a dark

picture of these fairs in the west, that I have pleasure in being able to speak very differently of this.

Those who resorted to the hiring, were drawn from the four valleys of Aire, Wharfe, Washburn, and Nidd; they came from the distant Kettlewell and Pateley Bridge up the valleys, and from places almost as far down them. Knaresboro', however, naturally tapped lower Wharfedale and Nidderdale. They arrived early at their destination, some reaching Otley on "the day before the fair." The candidates were ranged in long lines, and were so numerous formerly as to reach from the White Horse to the parish church. The men stood on the street; the women on the causeway; hired and hiring filled the street. There was a business-like manner about the proceedings; no "would-be" employers went to look merely. Though dressed in the best clothes they could procure, their clothes were not "fine" ones; but the young men wore stout, honest broadcloth, and the young women well-made gowns, decorated, indeed, with bright colours, but these were not gaudy, but picturesque. The young people were accompanied by their parents, or by respectable friends; and the masters and mistresses from whose service they were retiring, performed what good offices they could. The wives of the farmers engaged the female servants, consequently many of the evils which Mr. Heath complains of were not to be found at Otley. Any impertinence towards one of the holders of the causeway would have met with summary and merited punishment.

When a man was engaged, or "sold himself for a year," as some of the philosophers among them called it, he received "God's penny," which varied from half-a-crown to ten shillings, according to the rate of wages; this deposit being arranged at the same time as the wages. Reserving this latter subject, I may say that the amusements consisted chiefly of a dance, which took place early in the day, for the simple and laudable reason that the girls had some of them a long way to go, and were obliged to leave the town in the afternoon. The younger men often remained behind in small parties, and sought a certain amount of dissipation in the public-houses; it was a rare thing, nevertheless, for a man who was not already a tippler to take "more than was good for him." No doubt these were occasions when old topers were in their element, and nothing will be lost to the cause of sobriety by the dying out of this old institution. It is in the interests of publicans to draw glass after glass of beer; and "an odd dobbin of rum" made a cheerful conclusion. As would appear natural in such an assemblage, incidents would occur, and people would congregate, of an unpleasant kind. The clothmakers, who added their presence, did not add to the harmony of the scene, and if a free fight occurred, one of them was invariably the champion. Pickpockets from London gave vivacity to the group.

The fair was held on two days; the first Friday was spent in making engagements, after which the people returned to the homes they were about to leave, and made their final arrangements for depar-

ture. On the second Friday they returned to Otley, met their employers, and went home with them. Of course many did not return to the fair, but went direct to their new situations. Notice of an intention not to fulfil the contract, entered into on the first hiring-day, had to be given on or before the second, and "God's penny" was restored at the same time.

Agricultural wages were high even before the repeal of the Corn Laws. A ploughman, or skilled farm-labourer, was able to get thirteen or fourteen pounds a year, "dry wage," that is, as well as his "meat;" and it must be remembered that these men were unmarried, living under the same roof as the master; married men earned more. The same class of servants in the West of England appear to have received the same wages, but had to provide for themselves (and their families, if they had any), out of it. In fact, it was noticeable in those days how quickly a chance labourer, arriving from the south or west, settled down. He was satisfied with anything; never grumbled; never threatened to go back;—indeed the saying went, that "one could "not flog them away."

Female servants received from seven to eight pounds a year at this time.

After the Repeal, wages rose gradually to twenty and even twenty-four pounds for men, and to eleven and fourteen for women.

I make special mention of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, because it had a great influence on this district. Farmers were so frightened by it, that they lost self-possession, and turned all their land

into grazing farms. They were ignorant, and ignorance was increased by want of communication; isolation does not reduce stupidity. They did not know how to adapt themselves to altered times and altered circumstances. The district lost heart, and with it, lost prestige. The consequences were disastrous. The fine breeds of horses, and of shorthorns, for which it was famed, were suffered to run out; the spirit of competition, which is indicated by the antiquity of the Otley Agricultural Show, left the neighbourhood, and land which had supported three or four labourers, now gave employment to but one. Another cause helped forward this decline. Farms were let by the year, and longer tenancies refused; capital was not expended, and farms became impoverished. It was the custom, and is still, to take what nature provided during the summer in the matter of food for the cattle; then to sell off, and live upon the produce during the winter. The expression became famous to "summer the grass, "and winter the brass:" a process which might reflect honour upon an ant, or other insect, or upon a people relapsing into barbarism, but which would be a disgrace except for its unfortunate causes. To make matters worse, the free sale of produce was forbidden by the landlords, and consumption on the farm itself was enforced. The undue preservation of game, and the incidence of tithes, completed the work left unfinished by these other influences.

On every market-day, there come into Otley a large number of farmers who are called Foresters. This name is given to the denizens of Knares-

borough Forest, who are a distinct people by many characteristics. Their district might be roughly included in the triangle formed by Otley, Pannal, and Bewerley or Pateley Bridge. The dialect the Foresters use, is distinguished by a whining intonation, which becomes hopeless when, in selling to them, an advance in price, however small, in favour of the seller, is suggested. They are intensely hard in a bargain, and, should the market go against them, it is some time before they recover equanimity. At the same time this quality inspires more respect when their industrious and thrifty habits are known. They are also clean and hospitable, and, out of the very money they have saved from your clutches by keen dealing, they are always ready to provide you a hearty meal, or a glass of gin. Perhaps their careful habits would not readily fit them to farm their land liberally, so as to yield heavy crops, but their training as breeders of rough horses and sheep farmers, has not led them in an agricultural direction. They are, however, a worthy people; only when a man "comes out of the Forest," brace your harness for a tough encounter with him, if money is at stake.

Otley still retains a memorial of old times, which always carries with it bright associations. This is a Maypole, which we may imagine to have been the centre of many a happy and innocent gathering.

On the south of Otley is a hill called the Chevin, about which Mr. Hargrove has this passage: "At "the end of the town, going to Leeds, is a hill,

"called the Chevin, which rises, on the right hand, "high over the road, and affords one of the most "beautiful prospects that is anywhere to be seen, "or imagination can form an idea of,—a wide and "rich vale, extending many miles; the river Wharfe "meandering through it, and showing itself, in a "broad stream, in various and long reaches; the "town of Otley, Sir Henry Ibbetson's (Denton "Hall), Mr. Vavasour's (Weston Hall), Mr. Fawkes' "(Farnley Hall), Mr. Clifton's (New Hall), and "other seats, are dispersed in it. The hedge-rows "are ornamented with trees. The enclosures are "corn-fields or verdant meadows. The dark moun- "tains about Skipton are seen behind. Opposite, "and towards the right, the hills about Knares- "borough and Harrogate show their lofty summits."

I have mentioned Turner's representation of this beautiful landscape when speaking of his pictures at Farnley. The Chevin may be reached on foot from Ben Rhydding, by keeping on the high ground past Burley Wood Head and Menston; it makes a worthy conclusion to a fine and invigorating walk of five miles.

CHAPTER VI.

BURLEY AND WHEATLEY.

ABOUT Burley, Dr. Whitaker has the following to say: "Burley, anciently, and more pro-"perly, spelt Burghley, as it lies on the line "of the road from Adel to Ilkley, has pro-"bably derived its name from some small Roman "fort, of which the vestiges have disappeared. It "is a delightful village, though contaminated physi-"cally and morally by a cotton mill." The authors of this contamination, or their immediate successors, were Messrs. Greenwood and Whitaker, who were among the earliest cotton spinners of the district. The "Greenholme" shirting made by them, was famous. The weaving was done to a large extent by apprentices, who were obtained from the Foundling Hospital and other institutions in London. The troubles which the introduction of power-looms caused, and with which all are familiar from "Shirley," were rife here in the early part of the century, and many can remember the soldiers quartered in the village for the protection of the detested machinery. To be strictly correct, however, I should say that the alarm upon this head was caused

more by an expected inroad of "Lancashire lads," —who, in fact, reached Addingham in their invasion, —than by the villagers themselves. These latter looked with some favour upon the machinery, as likely to provide additional work for them. Their staple work was wool-combing, which they did at home for Bradford customers. The work was unwholesome, and was relinquished without regret. Nevertheless, there was a very uneasy feeling in the village at this time, and a story is told of a panic being almost produced by the noisy return home, from Ilkley, of two or three old men, who had spent some time over their cups.

There is still a mill at Burley, though it is a worsted, not a cotton mill, belonging to a firm in which the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, and Mr. William Fison, are the senior partners. With all deference to Dr. Whitaker, the employment given in the mill, as well as the beauty of its situation, makes the village a delightful one to thoughtful minds. The perhaps unwholesome nature of the work involved in such factories is, to a great extent, counteracted by the healthy influences which surround the position of the village. At the entrance to Burley, on the Ilkley side, a road leads down to the river, and, skirting it a little way, returns to the main road, near the church. Upon this, what might be described as loop-road, is situated, first, Mr. Forster's house, next, Mr. Fison's, and thirdly, the mill itself; and there is scarcely any position on the Wharfe more lovely than this secluded corner of Greenholme.

This ancient custom prevailed in Burley until

about sixty years ago:—Every seven years a huge plum-pudding was cooked, drawn through the village by twelve horses, and then distributed among the inhabitants. There was the usual accompaniment of pageantry.

Burley, which Gray describes as "a neat and pretty village among trees," contained the residence of Mr. Maude, the author of "Verbeia—a poem descriptive and didactic, with historical remarks." Passages will occasionally be taken from this poem, and from the notes to it, but it is disappointing to find that Burley is treated in one line:

> "Lo! Burley's ville, with glad'ning ray appears,
> And lawny Weston bosom'd high in years."

We find, from the autobiography which he inserts, that he was born near Harewood, and the following description would properly belong to the Harewood portion of the river:

> "Sweet Wharfe! how oft exulting near thy side,
> Where meads pictorial bound the limpid tide,
> Have I with tiny step, each object new,
> When callow vision crown'd the magic view,
> Beheld a mimic world beneath the flood,
> As on the flow'ry turf I wond'ring stood;
> And fondly young believ'd the liquid glass,
> Happy to feel the soft delusion pass."

Burley church is quite a modern one; it has been recently beautified, and is now a pleasing and comfortable place of worship. The vicar, the Rev. Mr. Black, possesses an antique piece of furniture in the vestry of the church, which belonged to the Fairfaxes. The country which lies between Burley and Ben Rhydding is a fine and varied field for botanists.

There is a foot-path or bridle-road the whole way, to which the following quotation refers. The foot-path leaves Ben Rhydding gardens, just beyond the Laurel Bank. The extract is taken from the "Ariel," published at Ben Rhydding thirty years ago, and is an interesting link with the past: "There is "a pleasant walk on the left hand of the grounds, "leading to Mount Stead" (now the residence of Mr. W. H. Conyers, and called Wharfedale Grange), "through corn-fields and pastures, by the "side of a small wood; here grows that flower "of all localities, the foxglove (*digitalis purpurea*), "and the garden-like campanula (*trachelium*); under "the summer growth of bramble, honeysuckle, and "wild roses, we meet with the *hypericum perfolia-* "*tum*, and *pulchrum*, the latter lovely in the ex- "treme, and worthy of cultivation, as are all the St. "John's worts; willow-herb (*epilobium hirsutum*), "with occasional spiked purple loose-strife (*lythrum* "*salicaria*), though the latter generally prefers the "side of ponds, where its roots can be under water. "The willow-herb has a singular English name— "codlins and cream. Its scent, to a strong imagi- "nation, may suggest that pleasant repast, but its "rose-coloured flowers, and singularly winged seeds, "are a sufficient recommendation. The fields are "full of flowers; in addition to the feathery bents "of various kinds of grass, you may soon gather a "handsome nosegay. Two kinds of scabious (*suc-* "*cisa* and *arvensis*), one most conspicuous,—the "English name of succisa is Devil's-bit scabious,— "strongly tempt us to give a quotation, which "Withering has taken from quaint old Gerarde:

"'The great part of the root seemeth to be bitten "'away; old fantastick charmers report that the "'Devil did bite it for envy, because it is an herbe "'that hath so many good virtues, and is so bene-"'ficial to mankind.'"

"Now, look closely on the ground, as if you "were seeking hidden treasure, for under your feet "two fair forms are growing worthy of examina-"tion: the milkwort (*polygala vulgaris*), with its "tufted centre and winged corolla exquisitely "fashioned, and of intense blue, sometimes varying "to white and pink, doubtless influenced by the "soil in which it grows; and the eye-bright "(*euphrasia officinalis*), said to be of service to "weak eyes. The delicate tinting of this little "flower might please an amateur — pure white, "streaked with purple, with a dot of bright yellow, "as if touched by the point of a sunbeam.

"Let us now go down into this little wood. The "hazels are full of nuts—who does not remember "the joy of 'going a nutting'?—but they are not "ripe, so we pass on. Stems of climbing plants "arrest our progress—with honeysuckle is twined "the black bryony (*tamus communis*), with its glossy "heart-shaped leaves; the whitish green flowers "have given place to what will be red berries. It "is a lovely but poisonous plant. There hangs the "great bindweed (*convolvulus sepium*), with a pure "white flower, like a sculptured chalice, and the "buds are equally beautiful. We look down on the "shady banks, among the moss that covers rough "stones and old oak roots. What an elegantly "woven carpet of varied leaves in every shade of

"green! They speak of early spring. Wood sorrel, "(*oxalis acetosella*), the wood anemone, the golden "saxifrage, and many others. We have not yet "visited the corn-fields, with the gaudy poppy, the "singular venus-comb, the polygonums and ger- "aniums, and twenty more. Nor have we been "down to the river side, where may be found many "we have already mentioned, with the great broad "burdock and elegant valerian.

"At present our bouquet of wild flowers is made "up; a month longer, and their leaves and flowers "will be scattered to the winds, and the pleasant "party, for whose amusement they were brought "together, will most of them have departed; but "spring shall again renew the flowers, and peren- "nial memory preserve the past."

The distance from Burley by the high road is about three miles. The river is close at hand for the greater part of the distance, and at one point especially takes a lovely bend through overhanging trees. The hamlet of Wheatley contains a dwelling of some antiquity, called the Old Hall, which is now used as two cottages. A few years previously it was the residence of a "hind"—a word used for farm-bailiff in this district—who had charge of something like two hundred acres. The old hall is in very good preservation, and is a fair specimen of architecture three centuries back. The gargoyles which project from the corners are more than two feet long. I have seen it stated, that in this house Cromwell slept on the night before the battle of Marston Moor, and the tradition of those who profess to be more exact alters the name of

Cromwell into that of Fairfax. But I have little faith in either story. However, we know that the old house took part in the stirring events of the times in which these heroes lived; and in the social life of the period it may have happened that Fairfax partook of the hospitality of its roof. And it has this advantage over Denton, that whereas the house of the Fairfaxes has been destroyed, Wheatley Old Hall still remains an interesting monument of bygone generations.

CHAPTER VII.

NESSFIELD, BEAMSLEY, AND MIDDELTON.

OPPOSITE Ilkley Bridge is the private entrance to the Middelton grounds; the public road lies a little to the left, beyond the gate on that side. Instead of turning up towards Middelton, however, we pursue the road near the river. About a mile beyond the bridge is Austby farm, an old farm-house planted solidly upon the higher ground. Its position is pleasing; and, though its walls seem from a distance to have cracked by weight of years, there is a picturesque appearance about its neatly-pointed dark gray stones, partially hidden by thick ivy, and covered by a well-flagged roof, green with lichened age. The road here takes a turn to the right, but the wary traveller on foot may detect a path which leads through fields into the road again, and saves a hill and some little distance. In the course of another mile from Austby we reach Nessfield, a village which would be beautiful if it were what it might be. It is most romantically placed upon a steep hillside, and the houses are grouped in an artistic manner. The border land, however, between the rustic homestead

and rural beauty—which is presided over by fowls and pigs—is here too well-marked; and the sanitary arrangements are both too conspicuous and too incomplete. Nessfield is the site of a Roman camp, called Castleburg, which is thus described by Whitaker: "Castleburg is in a commanding situation, on the "brink of a steep rock washed by the Wharfe, "about two miles above Ilkley. This post was "naturally strong, as the ground declines "rapidly in every other direction. But it has "been fortified on the more accessible sides by a "deep trench, enclosing several acres of ground, "of an irregular quadrangular form. At a small "distance, without the inclosure, an urn with ashes "was lately found; but what seems to evince beyond "a doubt that Castleburg was a Roman work, is the "discovery of a massy key of copper, nearly two "feet in length, which had probably been the key "of the gates. Copper, I think, would not have "been used for this purpose by any other "people to whom the work can reasonably be "ascribed."

The last house in Nessfield adjoins a wood, and into this the road, which all the way is very narrow, makes a sudden dive. Scooped out of the bank are two lovely little wells; the walls built round the springs are clothed with a tapestry of vegetation. After leaving the wood, the road turns both to right and left: the turning to the left leads down to West Hall, where is the ancient ferry of Addingham; that to the right takes us on to Beamsley. But before going to Beamsley we alight at the first gate, through which we enter

a field, and take the footpath before us. This path soon leads us to the charming waterfall of Black Foss, a little bit of nature well worth a visit. The water descends about thirty feet, a height which is considerable for the neighbourhood. The name, no doubt, is the Scandinavian "force;" although the nearness of the Roman camp would suggest the possibility of a Latin origin, similar to that of the river Foss at York. Returning to the road we soon arrive at Beamsley or Bethmesley, now a somewhat squalid village, but "a very ancient member of the parochial chapelry of "Bolton." Here the stream of Kex-beck joins the river. Whitaker says that "Bethmesley is the field "of Bethm, probably the same word as the German "Boehm, as it is pronounced Beamsley." The hall is a little beyond the village. Robert de Romillé gave the manor to Mauliverer; it afterwards descended to the Claphams. These two families are buried at Bolton Priory, in

> "A vault where the bodies are buried upright:
> "There, face by face, and hand by hand,
> "The Claphams and Mauliverers stand."

At Beamsley Hall the road we have been travelling upon comes out into the Skipton and Harrogate turnpike road, and if we take the turning on the left we reach in a few hundred yards the "Red Lion" at Bolton Bridge. Let us, however, take the right-hand side, and go towards Harrogate, for about half a mile, to Beamsley Hospital. This quaint building, which is used as Alms Houses, was founded in the reign of Elizabeth, by Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, "for a mother and twelve

"sisters." Dr. Whitaker's description of the Hospital is still accurate: "The original building," he says, "of this hospital (for a second has been "added to it) is very singular, and surely very "inconvenient. It is circular, and so contrived "that the apartments of the mother and sisters "can only be approached through the central room, "which is the chapel."

Near the hospital, a turning to the left leads to Storrith's Heights, and the high ground on the north east of the Wharfe. This walk may be extended to the Valley of Desolation, and Barden Tower, or limited to the descent to the wooden bridge. Storriths is the birthplace of Sylvester Petyt, who founded a library in connection with Skipton Church.

The district about Bolton we shall revisit later; and at present retrace our steps to Beamsley, whose hospital attracted us from our proper course, which now lies to the Beacon. On foot it is possible to get from the Hospital direct to Beamsley Beacon without returning to the village, but in driving we must recross Kex-beck, and take the road to the left. The steep portion of this road is known by the name of Lanshaw Bank. At the top is situated Beacon Hill, the residence of Mrs. Popplewell, the house being backed by a compact pine wood. On either side of this wood the ascent of the Beacon may be commenced, and no directions will be needed in climbing the breezy bank of heather, which clothes the brow of the hill. Beamsley Beacon has another name—Howber Hill; and by this name the familiar beacon will be

recognized in various poems and prose works upon the district. There is no reason to doubt that Beamsley bore an honourable part in the conflagrations which, from time to time, have caused stout hearts to beat quicker at the thought of taking up arms, to defend their country or to assert their rights; and it probably added its bonfire to pass on the alarm, and light "the red glare on Skiddaw," which "roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Descending the Beacon, and returning to the road which leads southward from the front of Beacon Hill, we soon arrive at Currer Hall, a pleasant house of the Queen Anne period, now occupied by the Rev. Wm. Willan. The family of Currer was one which held a leading position in this district. The house is a specimen of those numerous substantial Yorkshire homes, with a comfortable "chimney corner" to be found within. The grounds are wonderfully sheltered, considering the high position in which they are placed, and the view over the valley is very fine indeed. In one of the cottages adjoining may be seen a bedstead old enough for Cromwell himself to have slept in.

The drive eastward from Currer lies across a most beautiful piece of moorland. It passes Langbar, with its prominent, but scarcely picturesque, old chapel, in which John Wesley is said to have preached: this is probably an error, at least in respect of the present building. We now skirt a pine wood, and following the road,—which, I may mention, is constantly crossed by gates,—in the course of a mile and a half, we gain Middelton

Lodge: but the foot-passenger may go by Ling Park Bottom, and reach Middelton more readily. Some years ago in Ling Park there settled annually numbers of a people called gipsies. They were not, however, of so distant a kin, but were in reality largely composed of our brethren from Ireland. Two rows of sod huts were built, and everything made comfortable according to their tastes; and merry times they had when in the evenings they were joined by the youth of the surrounding villages, and a fiddler was found. But abuses crept in, and that which had been permitted by the good nature of the Lord of the Manor, had to be stopped by him on account of petty depredations on the surrounding property.

We have already noticed that Sir Adam de Midelton died in the year 1315, and was buried in Ilkley parish church, where his effigy may still be seen. The descendants of this knight still occupy the property, although the line has been preserved through the female side, and the old name assumed by other families. The present Lord of the Manor is Mr. William Middelton. I have mentioned that the altar dedicated to Verbeia is still preserved at Middelton Lodge, where are also other objects of interest. Near the house is a chapel belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, of which the family are members. Until the recent erection of a place of worship in Ilkley itself, visitors attended divine service at Middelton Chapel, to which they were admitted by the courtesy of Mr. Middelton. The house is not imposing except from its position: the elevation is such that it commands an extensive

view up and down Wharfedale, and over the spreading village which lies below.

Instead of returning to the Old Bridge we may make a very pleasant continuation of our drive or walk to Fairy Dell. This charming spot may be reached by keeping to the road eastward from Middelton Lodge for a mile, and then, through the fields, turning in a more northerly direction, until the stream of Bow Beck is reached; close by are situated Middelton Moor Houses. The Dell is a lovely place for a rustic tea, where a kettle will boil even when watched, and where the curling smoke on a summer evening adds the last charm to the rural and sequestered nook. The return may be made by the road which leads straight down to the stepping-stones and ford at Wheatley. Those on foot may cross the stream at the Dell, and return through Denton.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOLTON BRIDGE AND EMBSAY.

ABOUT half a mile beyond Ilkley is Hebers Gill, a small stream, already mentioned, which falls into the Wharfe, and which, at times, becomes dangerously flooded. Here is Hollin Hall, said by some to have been the birthplace of Bishop Heber. A friend of mine, led by curiosity, called at the house to learn if this was true, but the only proof which he obtained was a book in which Wrexham was given as the birthplace. The Missionary–Bishop–Poet, was in reality, I believe, born at Malpas, in the year 1783. The report perhaps arises from the fact that a Reginald and a Reginold Heber were residents here in the years 1658 and 1687 respectively: they are both buried in Ilkley Church, one of them at the age of about three years. The difference between the dates, however, allows time for some of the Heber family to have migrated to Cheshire in the interval.

A little beyond Hollin Hall is Netherwood, and in the course of another mile we reach Addingham. From the level ground before we enter this village

is obtained a fine view of Beamsley Beacon, the foreground being skirted by the woods on the other side of the river. A still better view is gained,—after turning to the right at the entrance of the village,—from above the old ferry. The road here overlooks the river at some height. But perhaps Beamsley looks best of all from Fairfield,—a fine house and park, built "from a plan of Lord "Burlington," and now belonging to Mr. Lister Kaye,—the Beacon towering brown in the distance, beyond intervening knolls of swelling grass-land. Immediately behind Fairfield, and in a romantically secluded spot, though partially hidden from the road by a high stone wall, is the oldest Friends' meeting-house in England,—public worship is still held in it once a year. A little further and we reach Rob's Scar, where the road almost hangs over the river: down this steep hill we descend abruptly, and soon come to Bolton Bridge. The distance from Ben Rhydding is some six miles and a half.

To the south-west of Bolton Bridge is Haw Pike, where Mr. Shires now lives, and where his ancestors have dwelt for centuries. Here Rupert stayed on the night previous to his visit to Denton, and his army was encamped upon Town Field. Mr. Shires has many interesting relics, among others the spurs which his forefathers wore at the battle of Flodden.

Formerly every town or village had its "field," which was devoted to the use of the poor. The study of this institution would be interesting in connection with ancient manners and "primitive "property."

Bolton means the Mansion township, and was, no doubt, a manor in which Earl Edwin fixed one of his seats. This nobleman was not fitted by nature to live in the troublous times in which his lot was cast. The son of a man who was a traitor,—if the peculiarities of that disturbed age do not soften this word into something much less repulsive,—he is accused by Freeman of displaying the vices of his father; but the trials of his later life, and his evident popularity, incline us to judge him lightly. Having made his submission to the Conqueror, he was by him deluded with the false hope of a royal bride, until, after repeated disappointments, his patience gave way, and he rebelled. The lands which had been nominally given back to him without the possibility of his enjoying them, were now confiscated, and he lost at the same time all chance of ever becoming a hero. Though he had more than the opportunities of a Hereward, he ruined the Saxon cause by want of boldness. On his death it is said that "there "was great grief not only among the English, "but even the Normans and French, who bewailed "him greatly as a companion, friend, aye, brother." Bolton suits well the memory of a gentle spirit, whose name still has a softened, though regretful influence on our minds.

I may here allude to that oft-recurring entry in Domesday of "Waste." William, whose policy was sound, though cruel, after an insurrection punished the persons by confiscation, and the places often by wasting. Hallam says, "In the devastation "of Yorkshire which had the tyrant's plea, necessity,

"for its pretext, an invasion being threatened by "Denmark, the whole country between the Tyne "and the Humber was laid so desolate that for "nine years afterwards there was not an inhabited "village, and hardly an inhabitant left; the "wasting of this district having been followed by "famine which swept away the whole population." Again: Freeman says, "No amount of rhetoric "brings home to us the harrying of the North like "the awful entries of 'waste,' which follow the "eye in page after page of the Yorkshire survey." This desert was handed over to followers devoted to the service of the king, and Englishmen gave place to foreigners to a large extent.

The lovely Manor of which we are speaking, and which appears to have escaped destruction, fell to the share of Robert de Romillé, and very soon afterwards became the property of the surest of owners,—an Ecclesiastical Corporation,—by the liberality of Alice de Romillé. But Craven lay in that district which was for generations fought for by the Scots. In Stephen's reign an army of these barbarians plagued it, and it is a remarkable fact that the leader of the army was William Fitz-Duncan, the husband of Alice de Romillé, and father of "the Boy of Egremond." Further, there appears to be no excuse for the doings of this bad man, for David, the king, was inclined towards gentleness, and Robert Bruce and Edward Balliol (at this time these families were English) specially bore witness in its favour, without avail. Rogers alludes to Fitz-Duncan's cruelty, and its reward, in the concluding lines of "The Boy of Egremond:"

"Ruthless lord,
"Thou didst not shudder, when the sword
"Here on the young its fury spent,
"The helpless and the innocent.
"Sit now and answer, groan for groan:
"The child before thee is thy own.
"And she who wildly wanders there,
"The mother in her long despair,
"Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
"Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
"Of those who could not be consoled
"When red with blood the river rolled."

Embsay may be reached by taking the Skipton road from the far-famed Devonshire Arms, or by taking the first turning to the left on nearing the Priory. The latter road is little frequented, but is worth travelling. Embsay is said by Dr. Whitaker to take its name from "'Eme,' a Saxon personal "name, with the sign of the genitive case, and 'ea' water." Cæcilia, the only daughter of Robert de Romillé, founded the Priory of Embsay, and endowed it generously. A generation later its glory departed to Bolton, and it remained as a subordinate church in connexion with that Priory. Dr. Whitaker gives the following particulars:— "Embsay Kirk, during thirty years the site of the "priory, is now the property of Wm. Baynes, Esq.," (it has since been sold by the family,) "who has "erected an excellent house upon the spot; in "digging the foundations for which, many relics "of ancient interments, &c., were discovered. It "seems to stand in the middle of the cloister court; "for when the last occupier, who finished the "grounds, began to level a few yards north from the

"house, the foundations of the priory church were "discovered; and had any skilful or attentive person "been at hand, a ground plan of the whole might "have been retrieved. A few years ago a complete "Saxon doorway of the original fabric was remaining "in one of the outhouses, but has been destroyed "in the late alterations."

As we sometimes see the daughter of a homely matron marry into a lordly house, but still cherish with equal affection the quiet and retiring virtues of her gentle mother, who lives unchanging in her pure and simple habits; so, of this kind, may we imagine to have been the intercourse of the two priories, mother and child. The canons of Bolton maintained the services at Embsay: it was a place of retirement for contemplation, and we have a picture of a prior, having closed his active career, seeking devoutly near the old church a tarrying place "to recover strength before he went hence, "to be no more seen." Brighter days were in store for Craven and for England, or we might regret the day when the "litel bell" at Embsay broke for the last time the stillness of the air.

CHAPTER IX.

SKIPTON.

CARRYING out his policy of conquest, William the Conqueror granted to his leading nobles tracts of land called "Fees," and they again bestowed certain rights to soldiers of a less degree within their lordship. To Robert de Romillè was given what is known as the Skipton Fee; and under Romillè served Mauliverer, Vavasour (the name originally indicating a position in the feudal system), and others. For purposes of defence, a castle was always reared by the Normans, and Romillé chose Skipton as the strongest site for his. The name Skipton is derived from the word "scep," a sheep: the ancient character of the town as a sheep market still survives—sheep and cattle fairs being held fortnightly in the open street up to the present time. Of the original building there are supposed to remain some traces: the western doorway of the inner castle, and perhaps the dungeon, also the north tower of the gateway. In passing by Bolton and Embsay we have noted the names of Alice and Cæcilia de Romillé as the foundresses respectively of these priories.

Cæcilia was the daughter of Robert de Romillé, and married William de Meschines: Alice was their daughter, and she married the William Fitz-Duncan already alluded to. Before passing from the Romillés I must insert a curious note taken from Maude's "Verbeia" respecting their descent:

"This family of Romelius was reputed to be "very ancient, even so as to derive their origin "from Romelius, a consul. If so, might possibly "descend from some of the remains of the Roman "body stationed at Ilkley, about four miles below, "upon the same river.

"But the author resigns those pretensions to "fanciful heralds, who probably might trace the "family, were it living and in wealth, up to Romulus "and Remus, the great founders of the Roman "empire. Be this as it may, the house of Romelius "had vast possessions; and that extensive district "which now goes by the rumbling name of Rumbless "or Rumballs Moor, formerly went by the more "liquid appellation of Romelius's Moor; the modern "term being only a corrupted contraction. The Lady "Romelius, the last of the family, married into "the house of Cliffords."

The family of the Albemarles next held the castle and estates, and by the time of Edward I. this family had by marriage transferred them to the Crown. Edward II. gave Skipton to Piers Gaveston, and after the death of this favourite, Robert de Clifford obtained the honour. This lord built the seven round towers of the castle, which, after partial demolition and restoration, exist to the present day. A room in them is shewn which

is called "Fair Rosamond's room." This beautiful woman was a member of the family of Clifford, but as she died long before her family obtained Skipton, it is not likely that she ever made use of an apartment which, indeed, in her day did not exist. Robert de Clifford was slain at Bannockburn. Sir Matthew Hale has honoured the Cliffords by making their biographies the subject of his learned and virtuous pen, and from his writings Whitaker has quoted largely. I must therefore refer those who desire fuller information to these authors, among others.

The ninth lord was killed by a chance arrow the evening before the battle of Towton. This Clifford is supposed to have killed the Earl of Rutland. Shakespeare makes Gloster say:

> "To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
> "When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;"

and, probably, our great poet is right when he represents him as opposing the rebellion of Jack Cade, as his descendant did that of the Pilgrimage of Grace. All the Cliffords were stout Lancastrians. Their loyalty to the Red Rose caused them to lose their lands for a time after the accession of Edward IV. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., obtained Skipton, and Henry Clifford, the heir to the Barony, was in hiding for twenty-five years. On the death of Richard he was restored to his estates by Henry VII. We shall follow the story of this tenth lord,—known as the "Shepherd Lord,"—more fully when we come to Barden, but I may add here that he fought with distinction at Flodden Field, at the age of sixty years.

The next lord, another Henry, was a friend of Henry VIII.'s, by whom he was created Earl of Cumberland, and gave his father some anxiety by his extravagant and wild courses. He is said to be the hero of the "Nut-browne Maid." The concluding stanzas of this pretty poem indicate some of the grounds for the supposition:

He.—Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changed now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed; whatever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

She.—These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordés on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not desparàge
You (God defend!), sith ye descend
Of so great lineàge.

Now understand: to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earl's son,
And not a banished man.

This first Earl of Cumberland built the eastern portion of the castle. He built it as the residence of Lady Eleanor Brandon, to whom his son was to be married. About this time occurred the insurrection known as "The Pilgrimage of Grace," under the leadership of Robert Aske. Froude says: "The Aske's were highly "connected, being cousins of the Earl of Cumberland, "whose eldest son, Lord Clifford, had recently married "a daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and niece of the "king." Mr. Morant, unfortunately for what is to follow, says that Lady Eleanor was not married until 1537, that is, the following year, but as he, again, does not agree with his principal, Dr. Whitaker, it will be justifiable to take Froude's account.

"They (the insurgents) streamed westward over the "long marshes across Spalding Moor; up the Ouse "and the Wharfe to the watershed, where the rivers "flow into the Irish sea. The mountains of West-"moreland sent on the message to Kendal, to "Cockermouth, to Penrith, to Carlisle; and for days "and nights there was one loud storm of bells and "blaze of beacons, from the Trent to the Cheviot "Hills." No doubt Beamsley Beacon and other heights near lent their flames to the general blaze. Froude continues: "So it went (surrender after "surrender) over the whole north; scarcely one blow

"was struck anywhere. The whole population were "swept along in the general current, and Skipton "Castle alone, in Yorkshire, held out for the Crown.

"With the defence of this place is connected an "act of romantic heroism which deserves to be remem- "bered. Robert Aske had two brothers, Christopher "and John. In the hot struggle the ties of blood "were of little moment, and when the West Riding "rose, and they had to choose the part which they "would take, they 'determined rather to be hewn in "'gobbets than strain their allegiance.' Being "gallant gentlemen, instead of flying the country, "they made their way, with forty of their retainers, "to their cousin, the Earl of Cumberland, and with "him, threw themselves into Skipton . . . . . .

"Lady Eleanor Clifford, Lord Clifford's young "wife, with three little children, and several other "ladies, were staying, when the insurrection burst "out, at Bolton Abbey. Perhaps they had taken "sanctuary there; or, possibly, they were on a visit, "and were cut off by the suddenness of the rising. "There, however, about ten miles off, among the "glens and hills, the ladies were, and on the third "day of the siege notice was sent to the earl that "they should be held as hostages for his submission." The insurgents threatened still worse things; but "Christopher Aske, in the dead of the night, with the "vicar of Skipton, a groom, and a boy, stole through "the camp of the besiegers. He crossed the moors, "with led horses, by unfrequented paths, and he "'drew such a draught,' he says, that he conveyed all "the said ladies through the commons in safety, "'so close and clean that the same was never

"'mistrusted nor perceived till they were within the "'castle'—a noble exploit, shining on the bypaths of "history like a rare rich flower." Clifford was rewarded for his bravery in holding Skipton Castle, by the grant of the Priory of Bolton, and other lands —for which, however, he had to pay a round sum—so that Bolton, once more, came under the dominion of Skipton.

The castle did not altogether escape partial destruction at this time, although the defenders boasted of their immunity from injury.

George, Lord Clifford, the third Earl of Cumberland, grandson of the earl just mentioned, was a celebrated navigator in the time of Elizabeth. He greatly injured his estate by equipping fleets. Queen Elizabeth appointed him one of the judges of Mary Queen of Scots. In Skipton Castle is a room called Queen Mary's room, but though it is possible that this unfortunate lady entered the castle, and occupied this room, it is not probable that such was the case. The death of this earl caused much trouble about the succession. His daughter, the celebrated Lady Ann Clifford, claimed the inheritance in opposition to Francis, the earl's brother. Sir Matthew Hale gives an accurate account of the case, but I must say that it would require an experienced lawyer to understand it so perfectly as to condense it. Francis, the brother of the Earl George, became Earl of Cumberland: his son Henry succeeded him, and died without leaving a son. They both died before Lady Ann, who thus obtained the property without more ado. King James made an award in this case, which the countess had the audacity to refuse to

submit to. Whitaker says of this remarkable woman: "She was the oldest, but the most independent, "courtier in the kingdom; had known and admired "Queen Elizabeth; had refused what she deemed an "iniquitous award of King James; rebuilt her dis- "dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell; and "repelled with disdain the interposition of a profligate "minister under Charles the Second. She died at "the age of 87. Her first husband was the Earl "of Dorset, her second the Earl of Pembroke."

During the time when Skipton was a "bone of "contention" between the Countess of Pembroke and her cousin Henry, the civil war broke out, and Cavaliers and Roundheads fought for its possession. The forces of the Parliament besieged the castle for three years, but not in a very vigorous manner. Lambert, a neighbour, and a gentleman to be referred to again, was one of the commanders of the besiegers. After the war the castle "was pulled down and "demolished, almost to the foundations, by the com- "mand of the Parliament then sitting at Westminster, "because it had been a garrison in the then civil wars "in England." It is supposed that these words of Lady Ann Pembroke's are somewhat of an exaggeration, and that those who carried out this order contented themselves with dismantling the castle merely. Nevertheless, the active countess restored the wrecked structure, and left it in something like its modern condition. The present entrance to the castle was built by the countess, but the stone is not so durable as that used in the earlier building. The gateway contains a lodge, known as the Shell House, which should be seen on account of its pictures

worked in shells. Besides the conspicuous word "Desormais" over the gate, there is another more lengthy inscription, of which the following is a translation :—

"The merit of George is more enduring than marble,
"Loftier also than the regal structure of the pyramids, which neither the devouring rain
"Nor the powerless north-west wind is able to destroy,
"Nor innumerable series of years and lapse of time."

"In the centre of the inner court," says Dr. Whitaker, "within a basement adorned with blank "shields, stands a flourishing yew tree, which, as it "is directly opposite to the great breach, must have "been planted by Lady Pembroke to replace one of "much higher antiquity destroyed during the siege."

It is worthy of note that the sister of the last Earl of Cumberland married the Earl of Strafford, whom we shall see in another place.

Skipton descended to the family of the Tuftons through the daughter of Lady Ann and the Earl of Dorset, who married John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet.

The eastern part of the castle, built for Lady Eleanor Brandon, is the only portion now occupied, and is the residence of Admiral Elliott. It contains some very interesting tapestry.

Earl George was a patron of Edmund Spenser, to whom Lady Ann erected a monument, and this lady also gave the honour of one of her inscriptions to Daniels, her tutor.

From the castle we pass to the church, on which much might be said. The original foundation is supposed to have been by Robert de Romillé, and

his daughter gave it to Embsay as part of the endowment of that priory. The western part belongs to the thirteenth century, and the font to the same period: an older one is now in the castle yard. The cover of the present font dates from the fourteenth century; it is made of black oak, and is a very elaborate piece of work. The roof was constructed in the time of Richard III., but has been repaired since: the eastern portion of the church also belongs to the same reign. Lady Ann Clifford re-built the steeple, and generally restored the church. Her initials A. P. are to be seen in the windows. Over the west end of the nave is a remarkable picture of the appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds; the effect, which is that of painting, has been produced by burning the figures into sycamore. A new and very handsome porch has been added of late years by Mr. John Robinson, of Ravenshaw, and within the last few months a fine lectern has been presented to the church,—both these gifts are memorials. Seven steps lead from the floor of the church to the communion-rail, and it is here that the chief interest centres. On both sides of the altar are situated the tombs of the Cliffords, which were restored for the Duke of Devonshire by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. Those of the earlier Cliffords who found any resting place in consecrated ground—many of them having fallen on the field of battle—were buried at Bolton, but the five Earls of Cumberland were all buried in Skipton Church. Beside them lie Lady Margaret Percy, wife of the first earl, and Lady Eleanor Brandon and Lady Ann Dacre, the first and second wives of the second earl. Several of the

children, who died young, are also interred here. The fifth earl was buried during the siege of the castle.

The tombs, as now restored, are very fine. Some of the brasses are the original ones,—for instance, that of the Holy Trinity, to whom the church is dedicated (which was discovered in a farmhouse at Thorlby); others have been replaced with great skill. It is said that years of labour were spent upon repairing the marble of the tombs.

There is a beautiful stained-glass window at the east end of the church, and underneath it a splendid reredos, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. In the vestry there was, until a few years ago, a library, founded by Sylvester Petyt. It has now, for some unaccountable reason, been removed to the Grammar School.

On our return from Skipton, we drive out at the east end of the town, and almost immediately begin a toilsome ascent to Draughton. The present high road is not the one which is thus described by Thomas Gray:—"Then the road (from Skipton) "goes along the brow of this high hill (Shode Bank) "over Rumbold Moor, till it gently descends into "Whorldale,—so they call the vale of the Wharfe. "And a beautiful vale it is,—well wooded, well cul- "tivated, well inhabited; but with high crags at "distance, that border the green country on either "hand; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to "the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth, runs, "in long windings, the river."

Shode Bank (or Shate Bank) leads on to the moor, and past Counter Hill into Addingham. About two miles north we may see Embsay; just below the moor, and east of Embsay, lies Halton, in a splendid

situation. At Draughton are some large quarries, used sometimes as a place of worship in fine weather, and in these quarries may be noticed peculiarly-placed layers of rock. At the top of the ridge is the Chelkar reservoir, one of the Bradford stores of water; and from this point we have a splendid bird's-eye view of the hills around. Two miles down hill brings us to Addingham.

CHAPTER X.

BOLTON PRIORY.

"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed;
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown."

THESE are the words with which we are introduced to the Cistercian Monastery of Bolton, and there was added in the older inscription: "It is a good thing for us to be here." The discipline is now ended which gave to the lines their real meaning, but there yet remains to us, in and about "Bolton's mouldering Priory," much that makes it good to linger there. The names of many poets and painters give a charm to the spot, and make Bolton a familiar household word; the spirit of Wordsworth is especially present. His poems of "The Force of Prayer," and "The White Doe of Rylestone," are almost too well known to quote; I shall, therefore, only make use of a few extracts from the latter.

We have already seen that Embsay Priory was

founded by Cæcilia de Romillé; her daughter Alice founded Bolton thirty-three years afterwards, and tradition ascribes the foundation to the sad event of her son's death, by drowning in the Strid. The story is so pathetic, that even the hard-hearted antiquary pauses before he destroys it by his unfeeling documents. It is possible, I think, to steer between the rocks of the critic on the one hand, and tradition on the other; at least the attempt may be made.

The canons of Embsay, on their bleak uplands, coveted the beautiful and rich lowerlands that lay beside the Wharfe. They accordingly offered their manors of "Skibdun [Skibeden, not Skipton] and Stretton" for the manor of Bolton, and Alice de Romillé agreed to the exchange. It is to be noted that her son William was a party to this bargain. We need not suppose that at the time there was any plan in the minds of the good canons respecting the building of a new house for themselves; they wanted the pleasant shades, and cool waters; the fishing, and, perhaps, the hunting. In their intercourse with their patron Alice (who must have had many sorrows with such a husband as her's was), it is possible that by the adroit suggestions for which the monks were notorious, they put into her mind the thought of a second monastery. Then came the sad death of the "Boy of Egremond," and the bitter grief of the bereaved mother. The idea of a memorial to him, and hope of finding that consolation in a religious work which she had lost in her domestic and maternal duties, were probably the influences which caused her to

offer to found the Priory near the scene of the sad event.

> "When Lady Aäliza mourned
> Her son, and felt in her despair
> The pang of unavailing prayer;
> Her son in Wharfe's abysses drowned,
> The noble Boy of Egremound.
> From which affliction—when the grace
> Of God had in her heart found place—
> A pious structure, fair to see,
> Rose up, this stately Priory!"

Concerning the architecture of the church I shall quote a short passage from Dr. Whitaker, but those who desire a fuller account may obtain more detailed information from a paper by Mr. Micklethwaite, given in the third edition of the "Craven." "The architecture of the church is of "two distinct styles. The translation took place "in 1154, and, from many decisive marks in the "stonework, as well as the necessity of the case, "the canons must have begun with the choir, "which they finished at one effort, and, most pro- "bably, before their removal from Embsay. This "is proved by the Saxon capitals, which extend "westward to the transept. The fine ramified east "window, and the spacious apertures of the north "and south sides of the choir, afford no objection "to this statement; as the first has evidently been "inserted in the place of the three round-headed "lights which must originally have occupied the "east end, while the latter are enlargements of "single lights of the same shape. Marks of inser- "tion are evident in the masonry as well as the "buttresses, which last have been plainly added to

"the perpendicular Norman projections in the ori-
"ginal wall."

The establishment in the completed Priory was an extensive one. It consisted of more than two hundred persons, according to Dr. Whitaker's estimate, and there would generally be many visitors besides. There was in the first place the prior himself, who lived apart in state. The career of the first prior, who withdrew himself from his subordinates, is so remarkable, that I venture to give it in full, especially as it will remind us of the leading incidents at Skipton during his time. It must be remembered that in 1315, Robert de Clifford, the proper defender of the peaceful monks, was killed at Bannockburn, and for several years afterwards the Scots made annual raids, to the utter ruin (for the time being) of the canons.

"Prior de Land was an active man, and lived
"in an eventful period. He built the prior's lodgings
"and chapel; attended at Skipton or Bolton two
"sovereigns, Edward I. and II.; saw the extinction
"of the Albemarles; the escheat of Skipton Castle
"to the Crown; the rise and ruin of Piers Gavestone
"in Craven, with the introduction of the Cliffords
"into his place; entertained two metropolitans,
"Greenfield and Melton; took two journeys to Rome;
"attended many convocations, most of the general
"chapters of his order, and three parliaments. His
"old age was clouded with misfortune; he was
"driven from his house, and saw the dispersion of
"his convent by the ravages of the Scots; but he
"survived the last of his calamities some years,
"and, though he resigned his dignity, died, as he
"deserved, in honour."

Next came the canons, of whom there were about fifteen, sometimes more, sometimes less, and on a similar footing were a few brethren, not in holy orders, who were called conversi. The armigeri were perhaps less formidable than their name would lead us to believe; they were "gentlemen "dependent on the house, who had clothing, board, "and lodging." The servants, who composed the chief part of the household, were of two classes, the free, and the bond; and they were again divided into in-door and out-door servants, who between them performed the necessary duties which would arise, where a splendid and hospitable building, and extensive grounds, had to be attended to in all their details.

The monks, when they entered upon the religious life, took up "the pleasant yoke of contempla- "tion, and all regular observances;" they devoted themselves to "hospitality, alms, and other offices "of piety;" and no doubt to a certain extent they carried out the intention of the founder, and obeyed the rules of the order for some time. But they soon fell from their first estate; and, indeed, we must not forget that the monasteries founded in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were not the earliest, but the latest foundations, and the evils which attacked them would soon, if not immediately, be introduced from other more ancient places. A passage from Froude's eloquent description of their state in early times, will give an idea of what we hope Bolton was, perhaps it never developed the scandals which Fountains' exhibited.

"Originally, and for many hundred years after

"their foundation, the regular clergy were the "finest body of men of which mankind, in their "chequered history, can boast. They lived to illus- "trate, in systematic simplicity, the universal law "of sacrifice. In their three chief vows of poverty, "chastity, and obedience, they surrendered every- "thing which makes life delightful. Their business "on earth was to labour and to pray: to labour for "other men's bodies, to pray for other men's souls. "Wealth flowed in upon them; the world, in its "instinctive loyalty to greatness, laid its lands "and its possessions at their feet; and for a time "was seen the notable spectacle of property ad- "ministered as a trust, from which the owners "reaped no benefit, except increase of toil. The "genius of the age expended its highest efforts to "provide fitting tabernacles for the Divine spirit "which they enshrined; and alike in village "and city, the majestic houses of the Father of "mankind and his especial servants towered up in "sovereign beauty, symbols of the civil supremacy "of the Church, and of the moral sublimity of life "and character which had won the homage and "the admiration of the Christian nations. Ever at "the sacred gates sat Mercy, pouring out relief "from a never-failing store to the poor and the "suffering; ever within the sacred aisles the voices "of holy men were pealing heavenwards in inter- "cession for the sins of mankind; and influences "so blessed were thought to exhale around those "mysterious precincts, that the outcasts of society "—the debtor, the felon, and the outlaw—gathered "round the walls, as the sick men sought the shadow

"of the apostle, and lay there sheltered from the "avenging hand till their sins were washed from "off their souls. Through the storms of war and "conquest the abbeys of the middle ages floated, "like the ark upon the waves of the flood, inviolate "in the midst of violence, through the awful reverence "which surrounded them."

The Dissolution took place in the year 1540—Bolton being one of the larger houses. It then passed into the hands of the Cliffords, as mentioned under Skipton. The nave is still used as a church.

Respecting the tombs which have been in the priory, we have seen that the Mauleverers and Claphams were said to be buried there in an upright position. Their chapel was in the north-east corner of the nave. The majority of the Cliffords, before the first Earl of Cumberland, were killed in battle, but it is almost certain that one of them, Sir John (killed at Meaux), whose body was recovered, was laid in Bolton; others also who died at Skipton were buried in the priory. The chapel and vault of this family led out of the chancel, on the south side, and the west end. On the other side, and close to the high altar, was the tomb of Lady Margaret Neville, a lady who resided sometimes at Gargrave.

A general impression of the position of the various buildings of the priory may be obtained from the existing remains. The present chapel is the nave, which had only one aisle, and that was on the north; the south wall of the chancel, therefore, was in a direct line with the same wall in the nave. The transepts can also be traced. South of the

Cliffords' chapel, and just beyond the line of the south wall of the (south) transept, was the octagonal chapter-house. On the other side of the transept, and along two-thirds of the length of the south wall of the nave, was the square cloister court, and again, further to the south, lay the refectory. The dormitory flanked both these on the west. The prior's lodgings and chapel were situated on the east of the refectory.

Returning now to the nave, the new tower, of which the Dissolution's untimely arrival stayed the building, is planted against the western door. It is known as Prior Moone's tower.

The present minister's house is situated on the foundations of the kitchen and other offices, which extended as far as the present school. South-west of the parsonage are some slight remains of the guests' hall, and the oven; while, in the last place, to the west, in the Duke of Devonshire's charming lodge, is the old gateway of the close.

"Monastic domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate, as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day;
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!"

I have quoted, and shall quote, largely from Dr. Whitaker, wherever he has treated the place under consideration. The extracts which have been used chiefly refer to history or antiquities, and descriptions have been, as a rule, omitted. It must not be thought, however, that the learned antiquary fails in giving such descriptions. He gives many, and they are as masterly as any portion of his books, while they are certainly more delightful to read than his charters or pedigrees. Nothing can exceed the beauty of Dr. Whitaker's accounts of antique manners; the taste of his classic allusions; the vigour of his denunciations of the coarse and vulgar, whether in character or art. The delight with which the author of "Craven" turned to the glories of nature, is evident from many passages, and there is no spot where he lingers with greater pleasure than here at Bolton. He has peopled it with many names, and many interesting associations are the result of his pen; we may now add his own name, and pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose writings helped to suggest to Wordsworth and Rogers the idea of their poems on this place.

But there is connected with the name of Dr. Whitaker another name more famous, — that of Turner. This great artist, when quite young, was employed to draw some of the plates for Dr. Whitaker's books, and he continued to illustrate the later works. The difference between his early drawings in the Whalley and Craven, and those in the Richmondshire, is very wide; the former may be recognised by the signature, Wm. Turner, A., as opposed to the more striking J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

The controversy between Mr. Townely and Turner about the drawing of Gawthorpe (the Gawthorpe of the Shuttleworths, not of the Gascoignes), is well known; the base uses to which Mr. Townely attempted to put genius, provoked Turner to revolt, and he wrote "tragically" to Dr. Whitaker on the subject. We may surmise that the composition, as well as the matter of the letter, was tragical to the Doctor's cultivated taste.

Turner, though intimately connected with Whitaker's works, did not draw Bolton for the "History of Craven." It is in the pages of Rogers that we see "Bolton Abbey" and "The Strid" delineated by this great master. He visited this district when about twenty-five years old; but it should be remembered that the drawings in Rogers were not made until much later—the work done in early life being used afterwards for his finished compositions. "The Strid" is a remarkable specimen of the artist's composition,—Barden Tower standing far above its real elevation. Mr. Hamerton says: "Turner had ever "afterwards the most intense affection for Bolton "Abbey and its neighbourhood, and for the river "Wharfe which flows through the sweet meadows "in the vale, and makes a beautiful curve round the "site of the Abbey itself. Who that has once followed "the Wharfe from the narrow glen below Barden "Tower, past the Strid, the Abbey, and the Bridge, "and down for a few miles till it becomes broad "and sleepy above the weir at Burley, can wonder "that an artist like Turner should have loved it?"

In speaking of Farnley I have quoted the lines which follow the above passage, and I will make

one more extract from another part of Mr. Hamerton's very readable book, for the purpose of throwing light both upon Turner's development, and upon the character of Craven scenery: "Each of the three "districts—Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire— "is an inexhaustible mine for a landscape painter; "but when Turner was illustrating the two first, he "was as yet very little of an artist in the highest "sense of the word; he was a painstaking and "tolerably accurate topographer, and little or nothing "more. In the interval between the Craven and "the Richmondshire, he became more of an artist "and less of a topographer than any of his brethren. "It is difficult, in the history of the arts, to point "to a more surprising transformation. It is as if "some painfully dry chronicler of common events "had won the power and achieved the liberty of "a poet. Never was caterpillar so humble changed "into such a brilliant butterfly! The difference "between Turner's earliest and his later work for "Dr. Whitaker is, therefore, not to be attributed "to any finer character in the scenery, but to the "revolution in the mind of the artist. A painter "of the second rank keeping nearly on the same "level, would have made far more of Whalley and "Craven, and less of Richmondshire."

Another artist may be mentioned who revelled in this scenery,—David Cox. In the Devonshire Arms there used to hang a large number of his drawings; but the proprietor of that day, when he left the popular inn, was naturally unprepared to benefit mankind by leaving such an interesting gallery behind him.

Two poets have been referred to in connection with Bolton, namely, Wordsworth and Rogers; a third, Southey, is said to have written about it. I have often been told that Bolton is the scene of the story of "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," but this is not correct. Southey himself says that "the "circumstances related in the following ballad were "told me when a school-boy, as having happened in "the north of England. Either Furness or Kirkstall "Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene." Nor does the place correspond with some of the words of the poem:

> " Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
> ' His gibbet is now to be seen,' "

does not suit with the absence of a common near the priory. Those who love horrors must content themselves with the real tragedy at Grassington, and may, without offending against truth, imagine there the melancholy sight of the awful gibbet. Here we are glad to free the ground from the unhallowed stain, and, out of respect for the poet merely, not moved by association,

> " To think with a sigh,
> Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

CHAPTER XI.

BOLTON WOODS AND BARDEN TOWER.

BEFORE leaving the precincts of the Priory Close, we must visit the Duke of Devonshire's Lodge. It contains, as previously mentioned, the old gateway of the Close. The ceiling of this portion of the house is arched, and is ornamented by stone panels containing portraits,—many of them now effaced,—of Cleopatra, Messalina, and other equally objectionable women. They are, however, made so remarkably plain-looking, that the artist does not enlist our sympathies for them. There are many portraits in oils of the ancestors of the Duke's family, and others related to them; for instance, George, Earl of Cumberland, and the redoubtable Lady Ann Clifford. Some of these pictures are by Vandyke, but in spite of the great name, we turn with sincerer pleasure to two splendid paintings by Reinagle: one the portrait of the late Duke's game-keeper, and the other a shooting party at Chatsworth.

It was under this hospitable roof that Landseer painted his "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time."

Outside the Close, near the corner of the road,

is the old Tithe Barn, which is worth a visit. It is 173 feet long, and is constructed with a remarkably handsome series of oak pillars and beams. The lower portion has been partitioned for the various purposes of farm buildings, but, above, the roof can be seen from end to end.

Near the present barn are some remnants of an earlier one, and the existing remains are interesting as shewing how a very simple method of ventilating the lower part of the building was obtained by stones propped against each other in a tent-like manner. The expedient answered for an ornament also.

I may here mention the occurrence in this beautiful village of those deep, sloping roofs, which give such a rich and picturesque appearance to the landscape in which they are placed.

After leaving the priory, the road divides: that on the left rising to the open ground above; that on the right descending into the fields beside the river, and leading through the "woods severed by "the Wharfe," where Charlotte Brontë sometimes loved to wander. It would be impossible to compute the many thousands of people who have enjoyed the exquisite gifts of nature to be obtained in these woods. From all classes of society have come those who have, without stint, drunk deep of the pleasures to be derived from scenery indescribably beautiful. The dense wood springing from a carpet of wild flowers, moss and fern, opening here and there to disclose distant heather-covered heights patched in the late year with the burning red of the autumn bilberry: the winding path now rising to unfold a charming vista, now dipping to the water's edge:

the clear, and swift, bright-coloured stream, in which the "generous" trout and "dainty" grayling flash across the brilliant gravel of the river's bed: all these, with the murmuring of the water, which seals the human lips, make one harmonious whole.

This is a spot to inspire the gentle Walton's pen; and here again, at this "dubious" point, where, from

> "Amid the hills
> And woodlands warbling round,"

the brook joins laughingly the Wharfe,—we think how Thomson would have delighted in "the Meeting of the Waters"—a name given after the sister scene in the vale of Avoca.

In the course of rather more than two miles from the priory, we arrive at the "Strid." The story told by poets, and the landscape painted by artists, make us familiar with the place before we reach it: the roar of the maddened river meets us like that of a tortured spirit, undergoing the penalty of a heinous crime. But classic fable and mediæval superstition do not now intrude upon us: we think of the sad death which often overtakes mankind in the midst of life and beauty. Here let me introduce a passage from Rogers, which, though often quoted, cannot be replaced even by Wordsworth:

> "At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
> "The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
> "The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
> "And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
> "When near the cabin in the wood,
> "In tartan clad and forest green,
> "With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
> "The Boy of Egremond was seen.

"Blythe was his song, a song of yore;
"And where the rock is rent in two,
"And the river rushes through,
"His voice was heard no more!
"'Twas but a step! the gulf he passed;
"But that step,—it was his last!
"As through the mist he winged his way,
"(A cloud that hovers night and day,)
"The hound hung back, and back he drew
"The Master and his merlin too.
"That narrow place of noise and strife
"Received their little all of life!"

At the Strid the road terminates, and if it is necessary to reach Barden Tower in a conveyance, the route mentioned before, on the high ground, must be taken. But the charm is to ramble on, beside the river, through ever-varying scenes of beauty, as far as Barden Bridge, which lies two miles beyond the Strid.

Barden means "the wild boar's vale." This animal, which still affords sport in other parts of the world,—and which Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid delineate and describe in their delightful book, "In the Ardennes"—must once have existed here in large quantities, and been hunted into extermination by successive owners of the woods. The forest of Barden, as well as that of Knaresborough, was governed by special laws, and had its own courts: the particulars of these which remain to us are valuable in connection with the early history of our constitution.

The Tower is more beautiful for situation than it is from an architectural point of view. It was originally a mere keeper's lodge, enlarged by Henry

Clifford, and kept up to some extent by succeeding members of his family. It had, however, been out of repair for about sixty years in the time of Lady Ann Clifford, when she restored it, as well as the chapel adjoining. The chapel itself is said to be the work of Henry, Lord Clifford, and is now a neat place of worship.

It is to this "Shepherd Lord" that all the associations of Barden cling, who, even when he had regained his estates and honours, was

> "Most happy in the shy recess
> "Of Barden's lowly quietness."

When visiting Skipton, we saw that Henry Clifford, the father of the first Earl of Cumberland, was in hiding during the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. for a period of twenty-five years, on account of the prominent part his father took on the side of the Lancastrians. His adventures were many: he lived as a shepherd among the hills, hidden in simplicity, but conspicuous for nobility of character. One of Wordsworth's most striking poems, "the Feast of Brougham," gives a graphic account of the vicissitudes which Lord Clifford passed through. The passage beginning

> "Oh! it was a time forlorn
> "When the fatherless was born"—

tells of the agonies of the hunted, but devoted mother, whom every passing shadow causes to start:

> "Yonder is a man in sight—
> "Yonder is a house—but where?
> "No, they must not enter there;
> "To the caves, and to the brooks,
> "To the clouds of heaven she looks;

"She is speechless, but her eyes
"Pray in ghostly agonies:
"Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
"Maid and Mother undefiled,
"Save a mother and her child!"

So the song of bard and poet recounts the story, first of adversity and then of recovered state, until the poet's voice alone closes it with these beautiful words:

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
"His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
"The silence that is in the starry sky,
"The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

"In him the savage virtues of the Race,
"Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead:
"Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
"The wisdom which adversity had bred.

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
"The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
"And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore!"

From Barden Tower we propose to return on the other side of the river, and therefore at once cross Barden Bridge. The road now lies again through the woods, up and down hills of considerable steepness. The object for which we are aiming is "The Valley of Desolation," and to gain it we must leave the road and take the foot-path. We soon enter upon a most lovely scene, excelling where all is beautiful, and we wander on until we reach the waterfall. The natural question which rises to every lip on learning that this rich and luxuriant dell is called "The Valley of Desolation," is, how was the name given to it? Surely that superstitious contrariety which describes the hateful Furies as "those Blessed

ones" has been here at work! But the explanation is soon discovered when we emerge on to the higher ground above the waterfall. Here we find a bleak expanse of grass, in which are standing the blasted trunks and bare white branches of what were once proud spreading oaks and elms. Tradition points to the cruel lightning-flash as the originator of this extended havoc, which appears to be a link in the evidence, proving the wooded nature of Britain in early, and, still more, in pre-historic times. Upon this subject it will be interesting to hear Dr. Whitaker's opinion:

"Modern incredulity, surveying the naked state of "our moors and mountains at present, will scarcely be "convinced by evidence that they were ever clothed "with wood. The soil, it is said, was shallow, the "cold extreme, the winds (more injurious than any "other cause to the growth of young plants) un- "broken by fences, and the whole tract ranged by "wild animals, which were often excluded from the "surface of the earth by snow, and compelled by "hunger to browse on every bush and twig within "their reach. Nay, independently of this last im- "pediment, artificial plantations of the hardiest trees, "which are carried but midway up the skirts of the "acclivities, dwindle and grow deformed; while the "native woods, which flourish in the valleys, as they "ascend along the sides of the hills, show, at every "step, their abhorrence of exposure, become poor "and stunted, and gradually leave the undisputed "possession of the heights to ling and bent-grass. "Much of this is true; but it must be remembered, "that if the principle of vegetation in forest trees

"operated on these wastes at all, it might operate "many centuries without interruption; that woods, "which are long in arriving at maturity are equally "long in their decay; and that the parent plants "may have acquired strength and closeness enough to "protect their undergrowth of seedlings long before "there was a deer or sheep to browse them."

From the Valley of Desolation, the descent is rapid to the river, which is crossed at the wooden bridge, and here we regain the road from the priory to the Strid.

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHINGTON AND HAREWOOD.

LEAVING Otley on the east side of the town, the road to Harewood traverses the bottom of the valley, and keeps near the river. Pool is distant about four miles: at this place there is a bridge across the Wharfe, which we shall have occasion to use later. Another mile brings us to Arthington. Dr. Whitaker here says: "Arthington itself would be distinguished for the beauty of "its situation in any other valley than that of the "Wharfe. It is a large, well-built, square house, on "a fine elevation above the river, but without any "vestige of having belonged to the same family for "so many centuries.

"The Arthingtons in the twelfth century were "a devout and munificent family; for, besides their "benefactions to Kirkstall Abbey, in which, by a "disinterested generosity, they preferred to see the "flocks of the religious grazing on the brow in "front of the manor-house, rather than their own, "they amortized another portion of their demesnes "for the endowment of a house of nuns."

Piers de Arthington founded this Priory of Cluniac Nuns, and various members of his family in succeeding generations endowed it, but nothing now remains to indicate its former size or position.

Arthington Hall was built about the end of the 17th century, and soon afterwards the last of the male line of the family, which had flourished for centuries, died. In 1850 the property was sold.

Just beyond Arthington station, on the right of the road, nestles Creskeld, sometimes called Kirskill, the charming residence of Mr. Francis Darwin. The family of Creskeld was ancient, and one that gave liberal gifts to the nunnery of Arthington.

In the course of about three miles further, we reach a point where the Harrogate road turns to the left across Harewood Bridge, and soon the old ruined castle comes in sight. The road from Otley has all the way been through pleasant scenes, and when we reach the summit of the long but gentle hill which Harewood crowns, we enter a perfect village. The cottages are well removed from the road, a broad belt of turf relieves the eye, the neat inn faces the park gates, and on the right lie the inviting meadows through which we stroll to the house; everywhere, and massed in the distance on every hand, are stately trees and sweeping woods.

Harewood interests us on account of its history, as well as for the objects of art which it contains, and the natural beauties which it lies among.

The manor was laid waste by William the Conqueror, and was afterwards granted by him, with other property already mentioned, to Robert de Romillé. There appear to have been some useful

mills at Harewood, which were granted to the Priory of Embsay, and were afterwards re-bestowed upon Bolton.

I do not propose to enumerate all the Lords of Harewood, but may mention that members of the family of De Curci, Fitzgerald, Redvers, De Fortibus or Albemarle, and De Lisle held it in its early years. Sir William de Aldburgh next obtained it by feoffment of Robert de Lisle. In the reign of Edward III. this Lord restored the castle, which dates, originally, from much earlier times. He was what was called a "messenger" of Edward Baliol, King of Scotland: and this fact accounts for the arms of Baliol being found in the chapel.

The eldest daughter of Sir William Aldburgh married Sir William Ryther; and the younger married, for her first husband, Sir Bryant Stapylton, and for her second, Sir Richard Redmayne.

The Rythers and Redmaynes held the property together, without dividing it, for many generations.

The estate then came into the Gascoigne family, partly by marriage and partly by purchase. The Gascoignes came from Gawthorp; Gawthorp Hall having been situated close to the present Harewood House. One of the ancestors of the Harewood Gascoignes was the celebrated Lord Chief Justice who committed Henry V. to prison, when he, as Prince of Wales, defied the Bench. Englishmen look upon this judge as one of the stepping-stones by which they have gained their present liberties. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, has a beautiful passage (2 Henry iv. 5. 2), in which the new king says:

"So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"'Happy am I that have a man so bold,
"'That dares do justice on my proper son:
"'And not less happy, having such a son
"'That would deliver up his greatness so,
"'Into the hands of justice.'—You did commit me:
"For which I do commit into your hand
"The unstained sword that you have used to bear:
"With this remembrance, that you use the same
"With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
"As you have done 'gainst me."

The tomb of the Lord Chief Justice, as we shall see, still exists in Harewood church.

Out of the family of the Gascoignes, the estate passed into that of another well-known name,—the Wentworths. "The unfortunate Earl of Straf-"ford," as he is usually called, held the property, and resided at Gawthorp Hall. A passage from Dr. Whitaker will give us a picture of this man more pleasing than that which is usually seen, where he is locked in a hopeless struggle against his country. "They who enjoy, or contemplate the "modern improvements of the place, may learn from "the following quotation what delight it was capable "of imparting to this great man, before the charms "of ambition had seduced him from the better occu-"pation and sincerer pleasures of a country life. "Had he never abandoned his gardens and fishponds, "he would have died indeed a country gentleman, "but probably in a good old age, and in the course "of nature.

"'Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH to Sir GEORGE CALVERT,
"*Principal Secretary of State.*

"'Our harvest is all in; a most fine season to "'make fishponds; our plums all gone and past;

"'peaches, quinces, and grapes almost fully ripe, "'which will, I trow, hold better relish with a "'Thistleworth palate. These only we country-men "'muse of, hoping in such harmless retirements for "'a just defence from the higher powers, and, pos- "'sessing ourselves in contentment, pray with Dryope "'in the poet,

"'Et si qua est Pietas, ab acuta vulnere falcis,
"'Et pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras."

"'GAWTHORP, *August* 31*st*, 1624.'"

Cleveland says:

"Here lies wise and valiant dust,
"Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:
"Strafford, who was hurried hence
"'Twixt treason and convenience.
"He spent his time here in a mist,
"A Papist and a Calvinist.
"His prince's nearest joy and grief,
"He had, yet wanted, all relief:
"The prop and ruin of the State,
"The people's violent love and hate,
"One in extremes loved and abhorr'd.
"Riddles lie here: and in a word
"Here lies blood, and let it lie
"Speechless still, and never cry."

After Strafford's execution the estate was sold, and in 1738 it was sold a second time, and became the property of Henry Lascelles, the ancestor of the present Earl of Harewood.

Sir John Cutler owned Harewood for some time after the first purchase. This man has been made by Pope a bye-word for miserliness; but Mr. Jones, in his History of Harewood, rescues him, I think successfully, from this imputation. There is a mean

between extravagance and penuriousness, which indeed disgusts the parasite, but which a Yorkshireman at least will give due credit to.

About the time of the Earl of Strafford, the castle fell into decay, and it is supposed that much of the material was in later days removed, in order to erect other and unimportant buildings. It appears, however, in early times to have been a fair specimen of an ancient Norman castle, both in its structure and internal arrangements. It had two square towers, not less than one hundred feet high, the walls were from six to nine feet thick, and, as an additional security, outworks had been erected. There are still traces of the position of a large portcullis.

Mr. Jones refers to the Court Leet and Court Baron which were held in the castle, and to the court of justice in which criminal offences were disposed of. He mentions the gibbet law of Halifax, and its similarity to the Harewood jurisdiction. The passage I now quote from an old author will prove that Dr. Guillotin was not an inventor.

"Thefts, particularly the practice of stealing cloth "in the night from the tenters, were formerly so "common in and about Halifax, that in the reign of "King Henry VII. a bye-law called the Halifax "law, was made to prevent them. By this law the "magistrates of Halifax were impowered to pass "and execute sentence of death on all such criminals "as were convicted of theft within a certain district "round Halifax, called the liberties of the forest of "Hardwick, provided the value of the thing stolen "amounted to more than thirteenpence half-penny. "On such a charge, the person suspected was carried

"before the bailiff of Halifax, who summoned the "frithburghers of the several towns in the liberties "of the forest of Hardwick; by these he was either "acquitted or convicted; and if convicted, was ex- "ecuted by severing his head from his body in the "manner following:—Near the town was an engine, "in the form of a very high gallows: in two per- "pendicular posts were grooves, where a heavy piece "of timber, with a sharp axe fixed in it, was made "to slide up and down very easily, by means of a "pulley and a cord. On the day of execution, the "convict was carried to the gallows, and his neck "laid upon a block directly under the axe, which "was drawn up to the top of the gallows, and fixed "by fastening one end of the rope on which it "was suspended to a pin in one of the perpen- "dicular posts. The pin being removed, upon the "signal of execution, set the rope at liberty, upon "which the axe fell down with great force and "velocity, and cut off the criminal's head. The "engine was used at Halifax till the year 1620, "when it was removed; but the basis it stood upon "is to be seen here to this day."

The present house was built by Mr. Lascelles in the year 1759. Adams was the architect. The grounds were laid out, at a large cost, by the landscape gardener, who went by the name of Capability Brown. By the kindness of the Earl of Harewood, visitors are allowed to see the house, during the summer, on Thursdays. It contains some very fine and valuable pictures, by Reynolds and others. But perhaps its chief attraction is a magnificent collection of china, Satsuma and other ware.

Dr. Whitaker's "Loidis and Elmete" contains a fine drawing by Turner of the house and park, and also engravings of the castle and portions of its masonry, beautifully drawn by Thomas Taylor. One of these reminds me of the fatalist motto cut in stone over the entrance: "What shall be, shall."

The next place of interest is the church, which is supposed to have been founded by William de Curci, in the year 1116, and seems to have been appropriated to the canons of Bolton about two hundred years afterwards. But the building is not the original church. Perhaps the rebuilder of the castle, or his predecessor, De Lisle, was the first restorer. The present building apparently dates from the time of Henry VII. Besides the Lords of Harewood, who have been buried in the church, we may mention the names of John Thwayts the lawyer, Sir William Gascoigne, and his wives Elizabeth and Joan. The effigy of his wife Elizabeth, alone, however, is placed with him on the tomb.

Beyond Harewood, through Collingham, — "a "pleasing village, in a calm and tranquil situation "on the Wharfe,"—lie Thorparch and Boston Spa, twin modest watering-places, and Wetherby, a place of interest and excitement to those who love the turf.

I may note that at Bardsey, a village about two miles south of the Harewood road to Collingham, was born William Congreve, "a man whose faults were diametrically opposite to hypocrisy and chicane." Dr. Johnson exercises himself greatly on the subject of Congreve's birthplace, and finally gives the matter up, after casting some doubt upon the poet's veracity.

The brilliant wit, "who appears to have enjoyed "the confidence of nature," cannot have remained long in the neighbourhood of Bardsey; and we are not justified, therefore, in attributing much benefit to the influence of its beauties: perhaps a better acquaintance would have softened or removed some of his defects.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLUMPTON ROCKS AND KNARESBOROUGH.

IF we cross Harewood Bridge, instead of going on to Harewood, the road to Harrogate leads in a direction almost due north. We keep to this road until reaching Pannal, where we leave it and proceed north-east to Plumpton, a place quite charming enough to attract us so far away from home. Upon Mr. Hargrove's description of the place I cannot improve:

"This place is much resorted to," he says, "during the summer months, on account of its "beautiful pleasure grounds; which, for singularity "of situation, and diversity of pleasing objects, has "not its equal in Great Britain. It consists of about "twenty acres of irregular ground, interspersed with "a great number of rocks, standing in detached "pieces, of various forms and magnitude; in the "intervals are planted a great variety of the most "beautiful evergreens and flowering shrubs; through "which the walks are carried in all directions, all "over the place.

"There is a fine lake at the foot of the rocks, "forming many curious inlets. Seats are placed in

"different situations; from whence the spectator may, "with the greatest advantage, mark all the beauties "of this romantic scene; which affords a solemn, but "pleasing variety, that never fails to call forth the "admiration of all who view it.

"'Here jes'mines spread the silver flow'r,
"'And deck the rock, or weave the bow'r;
"'The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
"'And breathe their fragrant sweets away:
"'There rising myrtles form a shade;
"'There roses blush, and scent the glade;
"'All, all their balmy sweets exhale,
"'And triumph in the distant gale.'

"The regularity of the perpendicular faces of many "of these rocks, and the evident cuts which have "been wrought for the removal of considerable strata, "leaving the lower stratum of equal breadth and "length, are, with some, convincing proofs that this "place, many ages ago, was a stone-quarry.

"The faces of rocks, in their natural state, are "rude, rounded, or broken into a variety of uncouth "angles; instead of which, we meet with a smooth "and perpendicular wall of stone; which gives reason "to suppose that the tool has been used here.

"Mr. Lascelles probably took the hint, of turning "the stone-quarry into a pleasure-ground, from "Captain Brydone's description of a beautiful garden, "formed out of a quarry, at Syracuse."

A short distance east of Plumpton is the home of the Ribston Pippin, dear to the hearts of many; but we must pursue our way north at present, to Knaresborough.

This town is one of the most famous places in the district. It is situated on a rocky height, as

indeed its name points out, overlooking the river Nidd. The forest of Knaresborough is as famous as the town and castle, having been of great extent: the name is still applied to large districts from which all traces of a forest have disappeared. We have already seen that farmers from a large tract of land about Otley are still called foresters, or men out of the forest. Hargrove attributes to the Romans—many of whose coins have been found here—the first cultivation of ground, and the consequent distinction of forest and open land. But it is clear that the Saxons defined more distinctly these limits. The forests, no doubt, under this people were folc-land, but William turned into Terra Regis all the folc-land in the country. In after years the people gradually re-asserted public rights, but were not able to do away with the remnant of the king's control, of which Lords of the Manor are the awkward evidences.

Knaresborough was almost in the centre of the kingdom of the Brigantes, and the Romans, too, had in all probability a station there. In fact, its position was such that in all ages it must have come in for a fair share of blows, either under Roman, Saxon, or Dane, and been made the head quarters of the district.

After the country had been laid waste by William, Knaresborough was given to Serlo de Burgh, who built a castle. One of his successors, Eustace Fitz-John, fought against Stephen in the battle of the Standard: on the other side was fighting Robert de Estotville, who had obtained the Lordship of Knaresborough in the meantime. Some few years afterwards the castle was made a city of refuge by the murderers

of Thomas à Becket. These wretched men stayed there a year, when they obtained a pardon. After a few more changes Piers Gaveston, who, as we have seen, obtained Skipton, had this manor also given to him. Knaresborough, in common with other places in the district, suffered from the ravages of the Scots.

Richard II. is said to have been imprisoned in the castle previous to his being taken to Pontefract.

Making another leap through time, we find that during the civil war the castle was held for the king by Sir Henry Slingsby and Sir Richard Hutton, under orders from the Earl of Cumberland, who was also holding his own castle of Skipton, and making it and its brave garrison obnoxious to the Parliament. Marston Moor changed the aspect of affairs.

Some of Cromwell's letters are dated from Knaresborough: the two given in Carlyle are peculiarly interesting, as throwing light upon the so-called fanaticism of Oliver: to some of us these lines are touching when we think of the intense feeling of the personal presence of the Lord of Hosts ever influencing his mind.

"Remember my love to my dear brother, H. Vane: "I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of "outward dispensations:—God preserve us all, that "we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently "attend upon them."

In the same letter is narrated the incident of the "handful of grass."

The second letter adds a touch to the domestic side of the great man's character. Congratulating Lord Wharton on the birth of a son, he says: "My "Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope

"that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; "not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to "make him great. You will say, 'He is God's: to "'dispose of, and guide for,' and there you will leave "him. My love to the dear little lady, better than "the child. The Lord bless you both."

Partiality, heightened perhaps by lapse of years, makes us look upon these letters as one of the most pleasing associations connected with the picturesque old town.

A year or two previously the castle had been dismantled. Mr. Hargrove says:

"On the 13th of April, 1646, this castle, with "several others, were, by an order of the House of "Commons, rendered untenable. The walls and "towers have ever since been mouldering away; yet, "even now, the elevation of the site, and the re- "maining fragments of its former magnificence, strike "the imagination with the idea of much strength, "and awful importance.

"'The winding labyrinths, the hostile tower,
"'Where danger threaten'd, and tyrannic power;
"'The jealous drawbridge and the moat profound,
"'The lonely dungeon in the cavern'd ground;
"'The sullen dome above those central caves,
"'Where lived one tyrant and a host of slaves.'

"This castle contained near two acres and a half "within its walls, which were flanked with eleven "towers; these, with several other buildings in the "different wards, afforded convenience and ac- "commodation for a numerous garrison. Part of the "principal tower is still remaining, and appears to "have been built about the time of Edward III. It "consists of three stories above the keep or dungeon."

The chief rooms were, first, that which contained the ancient records; secondly, the guard room; thirdly, the state room and ante-chamber, which two latter were on the second story. Besides these, there were the dungeon and "the old prison for debtors within "the forest and liberty of Knaresborough," and a curious cell twenty feet long and only three feet four inches high, which must have been used as a hiding-place. The ancient court-leet of Knaresborough, held in the castle, is one of the best specimens of that institution.

Knaresborough Church dates from the beginning of the twelfth century. It belonged first to the priory of Nostel, and a hundred years afterwards, to the archbishop of York. It contains, or has contained, chapels of the Slingsby, Plumpton, and Stockdale families.

But I must not spend much time over the church, as there are other objects of interest to be noted. The first is St. Robert's chapel, which is cut into the solid rock, and from the same rock has also been hewn the figure of a Knight Templar, in the attitude of defending the door. St. Robert lived in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, and was the son of a mayor of York, Tooke Flower. He obtained the dignity of Abbot of Newminster, but left it for a hermitage at Knaresborough. During his life he was so famed for his miraculous powers, that the Monks of Fountains wished to obtain his body after death, but were prevented by force from taking it away from the town which had been hallowed by his sanctity.

There was also a Priory founded at Knaresborough by Richard, king of the Romans, son of King John.

Knaresborough used to be famed for the medicinal springs which were found in or near it. If we were now to trace the exact position of some of them by the aid of old maps and ancient descriptions, we should, instead of finding ourselves in the forest of Knaresborough, discover them in the midst of a modern and populous town. We shall very shortly pay Harrogate a visit, and will therefore now merely refer to The Dropping Well, which is in old Knaresborough itself. In the "History of Knaresborough" already quoted from, this is thus described:—

"This spring rises at the foot of a limestone rock, "about forty yards from the bank of the river; and, "after running about twenty yards, it divides, and "spreads itself over the top of the rock; from whence "it trickles down very fast, from thirty or forty places, "into a channel hollowed for the purpose: every drop "creating a musical kind of tinkling, owing probably "to the concavity of the rock; which, bending in a "circular projection, from the bottom to the top, its "brow overhangs about five yards." The spring has a petrifying action. Besides the usual objects which are hung from the rock or placed in the well, there were lately to be seen a few sad relics there; these were the hunting cap and other articles which belonged to Sir Charles Slingsby, who was drowned with several others after an otter-hunt.

Near the dropping well is said to have been born Mother Shipton, whose prophecies have obtained a wide degree of celebrity. The house by the dropping well is called Mother Shipton.

Lord Lytton has, it will be remembered, given a short history of Knaresborough in his novel of

Eugene Aram, through the mouth of Mr. Summers; and Hood's Dream of Eugene Aram is familiar to everyone. Knaresborough is the scene of Eugene Aram's crime. A small excavation is still shown, called St. Robert's cave, from the hermit to whom we have already referred, and in this cave Eugene Aram and John Houseman murdered and buried Daniel Clark.

Lord Lytton's novel is unsatisfactory from the fact that the end is known from the beginning. It is, however, remarkable as an example of onesided pleading, and it represents in Eugene Aram's character some of the peculiarities of the author's own. Here is a picture of the student more attractive than the mouldy learning which he affects:

"It was impossible to imagine a form more suited "to the deep tranquillity of the scene. Even the wild "birds seemed to feel, by a sort of instinct, that in "him there was no cause for fear; and did not stir "from the turf that neighboured, or the spray that "overhung his path."

We may well doubt whether anyone has studied the details of this story as deeply as Lord Lytton did; but we may also doubt whether the novelist would have turned aside to follow Truth, had she led in a direction different from that which appeared to him, under the first lightning flash of his somewhat morbid genius.

I have referred to the fact that Knaresborough is an ancient market town, and those who visit it now on market days will see arrangements which, in a few years, will have passed away. The street is only passable by dodging among the herds of cattle,

at imminent risk, and, so to speak, elbowing your difficult way gradually forward. Foot passengers would carry their lives in their hand, but for an expedient which has been devised, perhaps after the immolation of sundry victims at the shrine of Apis. This elaborate scheme is to insert between the road and the causeway upright rods of iron, and carry chains from one to the other along the thoroughfare.

Shall we rejoice, or shall we feel regret, when these old methods and simple plans have passed away? The chaffering in the adjoining ale-house, the rough treatment of the cattle, the neglect of wholesome precautions displayed, and the uncouth ignorance, we do not wish to keep; but we wonder whether we can retain the frugal habits, the sincere and upright character, the healthy life of mind and body, of those who make up this picturesque and busy scene. We shall perhaps forget the crush and mud; and remember only the bright faces round, and the sweet-scented wallflower of the farmers' wives.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARROGATE, RIPLEY, ALM'S CLIFF CRAGS.

I HAVE indicated, in previous chapters, one of the direct ways of approaching Harrogate, through Pool and Pannal; and the reader has with me executed a strategic movement by Plumpton Rocks to Knaresborough, for the purpose of taking this town, historically, from that side.

There was anciently, not far from Fewston, a royal chase known as Heywra Park, and the road to it was Heywra-gate. It happens that Isaac Taylor takes Harrogate as an example of the use of the word "gate." He says: "In the Scandi-"navian districts of the island the word *gate* is "commonly used to express a road or strcet, as in "the case of Harrogate." Mr. Gough, in his "Cam-den," thus describes the place:

"On a large and dreary moor, antiently part of "Knaresburgh forest, full of ripling springs, is the "village of Harrogate, a mile from which are the "three medical springs of different virtues though "so near in situation. The Tewet water or Sweet

"Spa, a vitriolic spring of a sort of milky taste used "in gravelly cases, was discovered by Mr. Slingsby, "1638. The stinking or sulphur spring, useful in "dropsical, scorbutic, and gouty cases, rises in the "town, and is received in four basons, under four "different buildings; at one it is drunk, at the others "used for hot or cold baths. It is perfectly clear, "but the taste and smell—a composition of rotten "eggs, sea water and sulphur, and extremely salt. "Bathing is the most general mode of using it. It "is the strongest sulphur water in Great Britain, "and from the superior strength of the impregnating "sulphur, it does not lose the sulphureous smell even "when exposed to a scalding and almost boiling "heat; and in distilling it, when three pints had "been taken off from a gallon of it, the last was as "strong as the first, and stunk intolerably. It is a "discutient and extenuating; and a warm bath of "it is of great benefit in pains and aches, strains "and lameness; dissolving hard swellings, curing "old ulcers and scrophulous complaints, and is a "powerful cleanser of the stomach and bowels. The "baths of Aponus, in Italy, are much alike impreg-"nated. St. Mungo's Well is so called from Kenti-"gern, a Scotch saint, much honoured hereabouts, "whom his tutor, Servanus, bishop of Orkney, out of "affection for him, called Mongah, which in the "Norish or Norway language signifies a dear friend."

We have all noticed how painfully straightforward medical books are in their descriptions of human beings, and their ailments; but I question whether language can convey an idea of the horrors, in this instance, of the remedy of the disorders. The

Harrogate waters are a fit retribution upon the epicure and the worldly-minded, and we need wish them nothing worse. The change which has come over the aspect of the "dreary moor" is very striking, when we compare the numerous fine hotels,—at one of which we lunch after our twenty miles' drive,—with the particulars given by travellers eighty years ago. The author quoted at length above says that "the best company used to lodge at Knaresburgh, which is three miles off."

We have seen the Nidd at Knaresborough, and we shall again touch it on the way to Brimham Rocks; while, therefore, we are at Harrogate, we may take the opportunity of visiting a town intermediate on its banks, namely, Ripley. The Castle is not open to visitors, but the grounds may be entered, and they well repay a visit. The distant views are very fine. In October, the various tints of red and yellow of the trees beside the river, are of a mellow glory which is not often seen. I have, however, drawn the reader to Ripley to remind him of that memorable scene between Lady Ingilby and Oliver Cromwell, when, "sitting each on a sofa,"—the lady "with a "pair of pistols stuck in her apron strings,"—they passed the whole night watching each other jealously. Brave Oliver faced many a bold foe, but he escaped from few more staunch than Lady Ingilby!

On our return from Ripley and Harrogate we take the same road upon which we came, a little further than Pannal, when we turn to the right and make for Pool, without crossing Harewood Bridge. Before we reach Pool Bridge we may make a detour to Alm's Cliff Crags; but it will perhaps be better

to commence this drive from Pool, as it will make an interesting circuit. Those who are anxious to see all the churches in the district should not miss that at Pool,—a pretty church in a very pretty spot.

About two miles from Pool, on the road we have just been traversing from Harrogate, is a farm-house called Newby Cottage, which does credit to the taste and neatness of its fortunate possessor. At this point we turn to the left and cross some broken and picturesque ground to Huby; a mile beyond are situated the Crags.

The name Alms is said to be British, and to mean Altar-rock, and there can be no doubt but that upon such a word a whole religious history might be hung. In passing we may notice that oft-occurring fact in language,—the heaping together of words meaning the same thing. Here we have two words of a similar meaning at the present day standing together, cliff and crag, but there is still another included in alms or almias, namely, al, which signifies a rock.

These Crags are very striking in many ways. They stand conspicuous for miles, and on approaching them we shudder at their beetling sternness, and almost fear to trust ourselves within their horrid jaws. The most remarkable fact, however, in connection with these rocks, is the peculiar grooving of some of their surfaces. I need scarcely discuss some of the ways in which these markings are accounted for: the truth, or falsehood, of the theory will be immediately apparent. For instance, the legend that Satan jumped from the "Cow," and, missing his footing, loosened the "Calf," and tore Alm's Cliff with

his claws, does not require more than implicit belief. Other suggestions, to the effect that they are artificial basins and grooves connected with early sacrificial ceremonies, are not, on the other hand, to be so readily accepted or discarded. The simple Yorkshire criticism, "Who would get up there with a chisel to "make those holes?" is not conclusive, considering the amount of sculpture that still goes on up to the present day.

Is it not legitimate in this case to ask whether the power of nature could not have made these marks; and, again, whether the ancient stone worshippers did not make use of natural phenomena, rather than employ tools the use of which they were almost ignorant of? An examination of the rocks at present will disclose a very active corrosion still at work, and Professor Phillip's "secret laminations" seem to point out the true explanation. If we compare the deep and symmetrical holes bored into the rocks near the Strid by the mere revolution of stones driven by the torrent, we must be struck with the feebleness of axe and chisel by the side of the agencies of Him "who putteth forth His hand upon the rock," and "cutteth out rivers among the rocks." It was the impression of the power of nature, or of God, which made the heathen worship at these mighty altars; whether were they likely to disfigure, or to venerate, those peculiar features in nature which appeared to them to be the mysterious footprints of their God? They did, indeed, stamp with symbolic sculptures their favoured rocks; but these marks had a religious meaning, not a mechanical use even as the channels of blood.

Let us, however, leave the dreary searchings after light of our heathen ancestors, and enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scene. I like Mr. Hargrove's descriptions better than my own, and this is what he says here: "On one side are sterile and bleak "mountains, covered with ling; on the other side "(making the contrast as great as possible), is a "delightful view of Wharfedale, through which that "fine river rolls, in a broad and rapid stream." We could scarcely find a spot more suitable for a pic-nic than the sloping ground on the east of the Cliff. It will be noticed that masonry is here and there introduced among the rocks; this is not intended to perform the work of Atlas, but to prevent the foxes entering at these points.

Instead of returning by the same road, we now take that almost due west, and after crossing a rather bleak tract we drop into a sweet village, Stainburn, in a warm and sheltered hollow. The luxuriant elms which beautify the hamlet bespeak its climate: it lies cosily hidden from the strong and biting winds. Its stony stream may well have given a name to the village, for this peculiarity is most distinct, and the soil generally appears to be of a "rubbly" kind. Above, is a church in a sadly mouldering state, dating, it is said, from the thirteenth century. The belfry is a double one; the windows are many of them single, only a few inches wide, and circular at the top; one of these has been filled up. At the east end is a rather elaborate window, of a good design. The porch, as well as the church itself, is entered through a circular arch; but the connection between the porch and church does not appear to be

of the closest. Perhaps they are of different periods, or the roof itself still later than them both; the only timber work visible in the roof of the edifice is to be found here. The arch between the nave and chancel, too, is circular. There is an old font near the porch, now painted. The vestry is a later addition. The interior is distressing in its plastered, damp, decaying state: its restoration would benefit the health as well as please the taste of those who attend the church.

From Stainburn we take the road south-west to Leathley, rather less than two miles away. If comparisons were allowable, I should describe this as the prettiest village in the neighbourhood. It is sheltered like Stainburn, being situated in the Washburn valley, and screened from the west by the Farnley woods. As you approach from Stainburn, the handsome church, with its square tower, fronts the road, and the school is on the right. Past days immediately flit before our eyes at sight of the village stocks, which stand by the churchyard gate. In the stocks there is accommodation for five legs: the distribution of the holes among the parish delinquents I will at present leave to the bygone beadle's dignified brain. The houses in the village are not huddled together as if room were only grudgingly given to the despised tillers of the soil. Here the peasant can breathe; and here any one might be

> "Content to breathe his native air
> "In his own ground."

The Washburn, having escaped from the reservoirs above, here gently flows over its stony bed under a leafy awning; and to the west lies the

noble expanse of Farnley Park. At the bottom of the village we may enter the park at the lower lodge, and drive through until we near the Hall, when we may rejoin the road from Otley to Farnley village, which we have already traversed.

CHAPTER XV.

ADDINGHAM, KEIGHLEY, BINGLEY, SALTAIRE.

THERE are three ways of reaching Keighley, of which the first has been mentioned under Rombald's Moor, and will be more particularly referred to again. The second route is to take the Addingham road, as far as Netherwood, and then turn to the left. The road at once begins to rise through a wood, and after passing a considerable farmstead reaches the open ground, which is almost moorland; a belt of mingled gorse, heather, and bent, edges the path for nearly the whole distance. The district goes by the name of Addingham Moorside. The tottering grey walls along the road are covered with lichen, moss, and even ferns; the views both down the valley, and in the direction of Bolton, and, again, on reaching the highest point, into the valley of the Aire, are very striking and beautiful at all times of the year. A rapid descent is made into Silsden, where we join the third route, which lies through Addingham.

This village (Addingham) was held by the Vavasours under the Skipton Lords, Mauger having

obtained it from Robert de Romillé. The Vavasours are also supposed to have founded the church, the Roman arch of which still remains. Dr. Whitaker and his learned editor have a skirmish on the subject of the church, the former describing it as "one of "the neatest in Craven." There can, indeed, be no doubt that the position of the church and parsonage, especially as seen from the other side of the river, is most picturesque. The epithet "Long" is applied to Addingham by the author of "Flodden Field," and certainly it deserves the precedence of many long villages in Craven. We now leave it by the road to the left at the top of the village, and must mount some distance in order to leave Wharfedale and enter Airedale. The high ground is called Cringles, and here we are in the vicinity of a very interesting spot. This is the site of a Roman camp or camps, now called "Counterhill," (mentioned under Skipton), where, says Dr. Whitaker, "are two en- "campments, on different sides of the hill, about half "a mile from each other; one in the township of "Addingham, the other in the parish of Kildwick; "the first commanding a direct view of Wharfedale, "the second an oblique one of Airedale; but though "invisible to each other, both look down aslant upon "Castleburg and Ilkley. Within the camp on the "Addingham moor are a tumulus and a perennial "spring; but, by a position very unusual in such "encampments, it is commanded on the west by a "higher ground, rising immediately from the foss. "The inconvenience, however, is remedied by an ex- "pedient, altogether new, so far as I have observed, "in Roman castrametation, which is a line of circum-

"vallation, enclosing both camps, and surrounding "the whole hill; an area, probably, of 200 acres.

"A garrison, calculated for the defence of such "an outline, must have been nothing less than an "army. But it would be of great use in confining "the horses and other cattle necessary for the sol- "diers' use, which, in the unenclosed state of the "country at that time, might otherwise have wandered "many miles without interruption.

"The outline of these remains is very irregular; "it is well known, however, that in their summer "encampments the Romans were far from confining "themselves to a quadrangular figure; and when we "consider their situation near the street, and the "anxious attention with which they have been placed, "so as to be in view of Ilkley and Castleburg, there "can be little danger of a mistake in ascribing them "to that people.

"Yet I must not conceal from my readers that "the western camp is called Woofa Bank, which "seems to contain something of the sound of Ulpha, "or Offa, and may therefore afford some ground for "supposing it to be Saxon.

"When the area within this last was broken up, "it was found to contain great numbers of rude fire- "places, constructed of stone, and filled with ashes. "But nothing else was discovered, excepting a very "large perforated bead of 'Geat,' of which it was "impossible to pronounce to what nation it be- "longed."

There is nothing very interesting in the history of Silsden, except the traces of some ancient forms of tenure and economy. A large proportion of the

population is now, and has been for many years, devoted to the industry of nail-making. The small forges may best be seen in the inner street, where are also many quaint old houses with carved stone corbels.

At the next village, Steeton, a disappointment awaits us. This place is not the seat of the Steeton Fairfaxes; their residence was in the lower part of Wharfedale; the noble Sir William lived near his cousin at Nun-Appleton, but not at Denton.

When we reach Steeton the Keighley road turns to the left; the road to the right leads to a village which I may mention here—Kildwick, about two miles distant. This place, which was part of the Skipton Fee, was given to the Priory of Embsay by Cecilia de Romillé. The church was restored in the time of Henry VIII., and is known as "the Lang "Kirk in Craven." It contains a chapel called the Currer Chapel, and one of the tombs bears the name of Haworth Currer—a fortunate conjunction! The church also contains the effigy of Sir Robert de Steverton (or Steeton), the contemporary of Sir Adam de Midelton, at the end of the thirteenth century. The bridge at Kildwick was built by the Canons of Bolton, but has been altered since.

Returning to the Keighley road we pass through a village called Utley, and soon gain the busy manufacturing town about which Dr. Whitaker says, "It "has little that can interest the eye, the memory, or "the imagination. Hard is the fate of the topo-"grapher while he respires the smoke of manufactories, "and is stunned by the din of recent population." This town also was included in the Skipton Fee.

The church was given to the Canons of Bolton. The north aisle belongs to Riddleston Hall, a house about a mile from Keighley, on the Bingley road.

We have now entered a district remarkable for its manufacturing activity, and I propose to make a few remarks on this thriving and industrious town. Keighley contains about 30,000 inhabitants; it is engaged in the worsted trade, and is the chief place where the machinery employed in that trade is manufactured. There are also large works for making sewing and washing-machines. The town is well known in Yorkshire for its enterprise in educational work, and contains one of the largest and best Mechanics' Institutes in the kingdom. The arrangements of the Institute are most complete, and include a technical school for giving instruction specially bearing on the work of the district. This technical school will now, no doubt, be greatly superseded by the splendid one founded lately in Bradford. The secretary is glad to shew visitors over the Institute.

About four miles beyond Keighley is Bingley, another busy town engaged in the worsted trade. But as we usually take Keighley on the road to Haworth, I will ask the reader to commence the journey to Bingley afresh, by the moorland road mentioned in the first chapter. Those who cannot bear shaking over the rough roads, or who dare not attempt this fine walk, may take the longer route.

We now, however, toil up Weary Hill, and towards the top, during a short breathing space, look round. The cairn, the valley of rocks, and the plateau abruptly ended at the "Cow," are on our right as we face Beamsley Beacon and look down on Ilkley.

They stand out clearly against the distant parts of the valley, which sweeps up from east to west. The broken summit of Simon's Seat is distinguishable from the nearer and more rounded form of Earl's Seat; and to their left rises a giant form far off, which may be Great Whernside. To the left, again, is Barden Fell, and so round to Skipton.

It is the time of the early bilberry, and we cannot be too grateful to this beautiful and useful plant for the way in which, at all seasons, it paints the surface of the moor. Its richly-tipped leaf and lovely flower touch with magic brilliancy the yet sombre heather. Cowper's Cross stands in the midst of this glorious scene; and we have only to add a group of travellers with their bell-hung pack-horses, to make a cheerful picture. The only objects that we would exclude are the unsightly stone-quarries, which disfigure the surface of the moor.

When we cross the ridge the scene changes. Above, is an expanse of young, regularly-grown heather; below, coarse grass-land bounded by woods.

At Upwood House, a warmly-sheltered and well-wooded spot for such an elevation, we turn to the left. The road to the right leads to Keighley, which lies very evident below.

Next we pass through Morton, near which, about a hundred years ago, was found a small treasure in Roman coin. This would be an admirable village but for the necessity which has arisen of erecting many of the dwelling-houses in terraces.

Before we enter Bingley proper, we reach Cross Flats, where may be noticed a very pretty and antique house.

Bingley itself was on the Roman road from Ilkley to Manchester. It has still the appearance of an ancient town.

After the Norman Conquest the manor was restored to Gospatric, and after his loss of favour, it was bestowed on Erneis de Burun, in a desolate condition. Dr. Whitaker may be consulted for later owners; but I may add that William Paganell, who founded the priory of Drax, held the manor about the year 1120, and built the church which he gave to the same priory. This church was restored in Henry VIII.'s reign.

It was again restored in 1870. The west window has been removed from the east, and a new one inserted there. The mitre represented on the former has an inscription beneath it which explains that Richard Wylson, Bishop of Negropont and Prior of Drax, built the choir and window. A vestry has been formed from a recess built out of the north aisle, where were formerly seats allotted to the family of Ferrand, who still use the upper part as a gallery, to which they have a separate entrance from the outside.

Near the door of the church is a large sculptured and hollowed stone, about which Mr. Morant gives the following interesting statement:—

"Lying on the floor of the tower is a very "interesting relic, commonly known as the old font, "but supposed by Professor Stevens, of Copenhagen, "and the Rev. D. H. Haigh, of Erdington, to be "the base of a memorial cross. It has an inscrip- "tion in Runic characters, which Professor Stevens "interprets to mean, 'Eadbert son of Eatha, the

"'King, made a good decree, visited again Bingley;' "but the Rev. D. H. Haigh considers it to mean, "'Eadberht, son of Eatha, King, uttered a gracious "'ban, Ongus visited Bingley;' and he infers that "at Hewendend Eadberht had assembled the army "which he had brought to the aid of Oengus, king "of the Picts, in A.D. 756, and that at Bingley the "alliance was concluded."

To the ordinary observer the inscription is not discernible.

Opposite Bingley is St. Ives, about which Dr. Whitaker says: "Our subject commences with "Bingley, a rich and woody scene commanding two "valleys almost equally beautiful. High up (perhaps "too high) in the smaller of these is St. Ives, which "commands a well-wooded vale, in which are many "beautiful knolls clothed with timber. From these "woods, the late proprietor, by means of judicious "thinnings, derived for many years a considerable "income, without injuring their picturesque effect. "On the whole, in extent of view, richness of scenery, "and wild and rocky distances, every situation in "Aredale to the northward must yield to St. Ives." Even these words scarcely convey an adequate idea of the richness of the scene as we leave Bingley for Saltaire: the town has been well described as "a "throstle's nest."

To the west of St. Ives is Harden Moor, where may be seen a spot known as the Druids' Altar. It is supposed to have been the scene of Druidic rites. We may here repeat the words of Keats:

"There is a pleasure on the heath,
"Where Druids old have been,

"Where mantles gray have rustled by,
"And swept the nettles green:
"There is a joy in every spot
"Made known in days of old,
"New to the feet, although each tale
"A hundred times be told."

"Near the Druids' Altar are," says Mr. Morant, "the remains of the entrenchments thrown up by "Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had an encampment here "during the civil wars."

Bingley was the residence and burial-place of John Nicholson, the Airedale poet, who thus writes upon it:

"Sweet as the flowers, when bending to the sun,
"Are Bingley's daughters, when they love but one.
"We have the mountain breeze, the cold, pure spring;
"The woods, where every British bird doth sing;
"Wild plants and flowers, wild birds, and scenes as wild
"Or soft as any on which nature smiled;
"Blooming and lovely, as the moon is fair,
"And pure as ether are the nymphs of Aire.
"The weeping birch, the great majestic oak,
"Where dark green ivy forms a winter's cloak;
"The purple heath, where dappled moorcocks crow;
"The sylvan vales, with limping hares below;
"The brooding pheasant, beauty of the wood,
"And spotted trouts that cleave the amber flood.
"For finer walks, for more sequestered bowers,
"For cooler grottos, and for richer flowers,
"For streams that wind more beautiful along,
"For birds with louder chorus to their song;
"For all that gen'rous nature can bestow,
"All Yorkshire scenes to Bingley-vale must bow.

Saltaire lies about two miles further south. Being a town which is absolutely unique, it ought to be seen. Of course we are not taken by surprise when we enter, because we expect to find it uniform and well-built; but the reality more than comes up to our

expectation. As we drive down to the mill we pass rows of well-built stone houses, whose interiors also have a solid and well-to-do appearance. The schools and Institute are very fine, and the Congregational Church, which faces the entrance to the mill, is an exceedingly handsome structure. On one side of the works runs the railway, and on the other a canal. Below is the river, upon which are some light boats; and beyond, the fine park and grounds which lead to Milner Field, the residence of Mr. Titus Salt. The houses in which the pensioners dwell are made specially handsome: and this fact is one which, among others, indicates what gives us special pleasure in visiting Saltaire,—the philanthropy of the founder; his principle of taxing success for the benefit of his fellow-workers is everywhere evident.

Shipley almost adjoins Saltaire, but we must on no account stop here. Our easiest route home would be by the high-road, up Hollin-hill and through Menston and Burley; but we will take a more difficult road and turn to the left up to Baildon, a very uninviting town. Just above, we are again on the heather, and may see Hawksworth in the distance on the right. We now descend again to Baildon Moor-side, and leave Sconce on the left behind a beautiful and leafy clump. Up and down we drive along the edge of the moor, until at last we reach Burley Wood Head, whose beauties I have not hitherto sufficiently pointed out. The moor, here again richly painted with the opening bilberry, runs down almost among the trees.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAWORTH: AS IT WAS AND IS.

FROM Keighley we turn into the Worth valley, keeping on the right bank of the river. The road lies at a considerable height, and as soon as we are well outside the town, we may see, on the opposite side of the valley, the village of Oakworth. Here is the house of Mr. Isaac Holden, the fame of whose winter-garden is far-spread.

All along the road, from Keighley to Haworth, a distance of four miles, we are in contact with the worsted trade. Before going far, we see in the distance the village of Haworth, and the old church crowning the summit of the hill at the other side of the valley. To reach it we must descend to the river, and cross the bridge. Dr. Whitaker, in one of his querulous moods, says that Haworth is "on "the whole, almost at the extremity of population, "high, bleak, dirty, and difficult of access." The village commences at the bridge, and is built in one long street, which, being paved with hard stones, and steep, is troublesome to ascend. But it must be mounted, as all the objects of interest lie at the top. The first of these is the Black Horse Inn, a place

of melancholy notoriety in connection with Branwell Brontë. On the left is the churchyard-gate;—but the first two chapters of Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë are so well known, that I need not proceed further with a description of the place.

It may, however, be as well to remind the reader of that book that there is nothing specially beautiful in the church to attract observers; nothing particularly comfortable in the pews to ease the weary listener; and nothing which the antiquary would delight in, in the matter of tombs and brasses, vaults or heraldic memorials; nor are there even ancient signatures of great men in the register. The old black and straight-backed pews, in which half-sittings are allotted, and the pulpit fixed in the side of the church, are only quaint; the celebrities whose names appear are only an eccentric clergyman, and a family of delicate children; and the only autograph to see is that of a novelist who was married here. The parsonage is as plain a structure as one can well find, modern and neat. The moors are only waste howling wildernesses, which you may be thankful to be away from in the wintry blast. What is it that makes you earnest in your wish to reach Haworth, and anxious to linger about the old church, and to wander on the desolate moors?

The church is, of course, free to all, and it is pleasant to talk to the good woman who keeps the key, of her memories of Charlotte Brontë; although the connection of this family with the villagers was never very strong. Perhaps, after the church, an ingenuous impulse seizes you to visit the parsonage. You may have some foolish feelings about the hallowed

precincts of genius, some love for the simple places associated with names you cherish in your affections. Dismiss the thought!

Procul, O procul, este profani!

All pilgrims to the Brontë shrine are without the pale. A few years ago I went with some friends to Haworth. We learnt on enquiry that the parsonage could not be seen; but two of us, more eager than the rest, or, at least, to whom the rest had given way, decided to call in the hope that we might peep into the kitchen where the baking went on, and where the potatoes were peeled (somewhat imperfectly at times by Tabby), and where the children in the early days spent their happiest hours. Who can read the words of Charlotte at the age of fourteen without feeling a like desire?

"One night," she says, "about the time when "the cold sleet and stormy fogs of November are "succeeded by the snowstorms and high piercing "night winds of confirmed winter, we were all sitting "round the warm blazing kitchen fire, having just "concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the "propriety of lighting a candle, from which she came "off victorious, no candle having been produced."

I will not give particulars of our failure, nor do I hint that the clergyman is wrong in preserving his domestic privacy; rather, I repeat the apology then made for intrusion. But I cannot help thinking that if some arrangement could be made for a new parsonage, the faithful lovers of England's hallowed spots would bear the necessary expense involved. But Haworth has changed, as we shall see, and the first spoiling prepares us for future desecration.

The moors, however,—as opposed to the parsonage, and even more than the church,—are free to all, and it is our privilege to be able to see them both as the sisters saw them together, and as Charlotte saw them, when she had been left alone. One passage from Charlotte's letters will give us both views.

"For my part I am free to walk on the moors; "but when I go out there alone, everything reminds "me of the time when others were with me, and "then the moors seem a wilderness, featureless, "solitary, saddening. My sister Emily had a particular "love for them, and there is not a knoll of heather, "nor a branch of fern, nor a young bilberry leaf, "nor a fluttering lark or linnet, but reminds me of "her. The distant prospects were Anne's delight, "and when I look round, she is in the blue tints, "the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the "horizon. In the hill-country silence, their poetry "comes by lines and stanzas into my mind: once "I loved it; now I dare not read it, and am driven "often to wish I could taste one draught of oblivion, "and forget much that, while mind remains, I never "shall forget."

It is difficult to decide which had the better taste in her special delight. There is an unspeakable charm about the mingling of the brown and purple heather with the ever-present bent of the foreground; and on the other hand, the distant views are most charmingly varied, the rounded hills tossing about us in beautifully curved outlines. We may sketch in our imagination the scene of Tabby and Miss Brontë "seated on a tuft of heather, in some

"high, lonely place," the former listening, and the latter telling the deaf old woman the secrets she could not communicate at home. On a fine summer's day the landscape is indeed most lovely; but scenes less bright and cheerful correspond at times more exactly with our feelings, and there is no scene which genius has called up more to be admired than the often-quoted description of Haworth, given in "Shirley," upon a cheerless evening. "This is an "autumn evening, wet and wild. There is only one "cloud in the sky; but it curtains it from pole to "pole. The wind cannot rest: it hurries sobbing "over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight "and mist. Rain has beat all day on that church-"tower: it rises dark from the stony enclosure of "its graveyard: the nettles, the long grass, and the "tombs all drip with wet."

Turning down from the moors into a lane or foot-path between stone walls, we see on the right, at the bottom of the lane, a farm-house in which Grimshaw lived. Had the Brontës never existed, this clergyman would have made the name of Haworth famous by his character alone. I might fill pages with the stories of his eccentricities. He was one of the few clergymen who received Wesley into his church, and acted with him in the vigorous preaching of the Gospel, which stirred England in the last century to new life, and the effects of which, we hope, are not yet spent. Its influence upon the uncouth Yorkshiremen of those days may have been somewhat grotesque to the indifferent observer, but it left as its results changed habits, happier homes, and softened manners.

The enthusiasm must have been great when the

congregation was so large that the window was taken out of the church, and Wesley preached from a scaffold, to the congregation within, and to the crowd without!

Mr. Tyerman, in his Life of Wesley, says: "For "six years (1748) Grimshaw had been incumbent of "Haworth. His church was crowded, and no wonder. "In the surrounding hamlets, he was accustomed to "preach from twelve to thirty sermons weekly. His "congregations were rude and rough; but they "caught the fervour of his spirit, and hundreds of his "hearers were converted. He loved labour, and, "for his Master's sake, cheerfully encountered hard "living. One day he would be the guest of Lady "Huntingdon; at another time, he would be found "sleeping in his own hay loft, simply to find room "for strangers in his parsonage. In all sorts of "weather, upon the bleak mountains, often drenched "by rain, or benumbed by frost, with no regular "meals, and frequently nothing better than a crust, "he never wearied in his evangelistic wanderings, "but pursued his onward course with a blithesome "spirit, singing praises to his Divine Redeemer.

"His dress was plain, and sometimes shabby. "Often he had literally only one coat and one "pair of shoes: not from affectation, or eccentricity, "but from a benevolent desire to benefit the poor. "Possessed of strong mental power, and with a "Cambridge education, he was capable of rising "above the rank of ordinary preachers; but, to "accommodate himself to his rustic hearers, there "was a homeliness in his forms of speech which "was sometimes scarcely dignified. He preached in

"the same style as that in which Albert Durer "painted.

"He was oft eccentric, but always honest, earnest, "and devout. Strong of frame, and robust in health, "his study was under the wide canopy of heaven, "among hills and dales: and the weariness of his "wanderings was relieved by Divinely-imparted "thoughts, and communings with his God. He died "April 7, 1763; some of his last words being, 'I am "'as happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of "'heaven as if I was in it.' He was a rare man; "and in him was fully exemplified his favourite "motto, which was inscribed upon his coffin, 'For "'me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

Dear sacred Haworth! It is not to dwell among thy clog-shod weavers that we toil up thy steep hill-side; but we climb to thy breezy moorland heights as to a mountain shrine, to worship, and to talk with the spirits of thy quiet dead!

I HAVE referred to Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, and I have now to mention a book on the same subject by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid. The relative positions of these two books is somewhat peculiar. Mr. Reid's work pre-supposes Mrs. Gaskell's; but, by its valuable criticisms and additional matter, gives a new, and, it is impossible to avoid thinking, much more faithful picture of the beloved "heroine." Mrs. Gaskell having drawn a clear outline of the form, it remained for Mr. Reid to correct it here and there, and to put in those delicate touches which make a likeness without spoiling a picture.

Let me here give two extracts from Mr. Reid's summing-up at the end of his book:

"Books so true," he says, "so honest, so simple, "so thorough as these, depend for their ultimate "fate upon no transitions of fashion, no caprices of "the public taste. They will hold their own as the "slow-born fruits of a great genius, long after the "productions of a score of facile pens now able to "secure the world's attention, have been utterly for-"gotten.

"But when we turn from the author to the "woman, from the written pages to the writer, and "when, forgetting the features and the fortunes of "those who appear in the romances of 'Currer Bell,' "we recall that touching story which will for ever be "associated with Haworth Parsonage, and with the "great family of the Brontë's, we see that the artist "is greater than her works, that the woman is nobler "and purer than the writer; and that by her life, "even more than by her labours, the author of "'Jane Eyre' must always teach us those lessons of "courage, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance, of "which our poor humanity stands in such pressing "and constant need."

It was naturally to this historian of Charlotte Brontë that the public looked when the destruction of Haworth Church was proposed; and Mr. Reid, grasping the dire thunderbolts of the "Leeds Mercury," like Pallas with the arms of Zeus, stood ready to pour its fulminations upon the impious and sacrilegious heads of the shrine-destroyers. But public opinion, even when well-led, does not always triumph; and the old church, of pure and hallowed

memories, in spite of every loving effort, has fallen for ever, and, except in memory, we shall never visit it again.

The following is a description of the present church, which we hope will be blest with as much usefulness, and endeared by as many associations as the one in whose place it stands:

"The style of the new church is the Perpendicular, "and the masonry is of local sandstone. The aisle "windows are of three lights, with simple tracery. "The south chapel has two lights, with arched heads. "The east window is of five lights, fairly elevated "above the church floor, and somewhat more elabo- "rate than the remainder. The west window is of "six lights, and is divided into two stages. The east "window is flanked by canopied niches containing "statues of the two archangels, St. Michael and "St. Gabriel. The chief entrance to the church is "by the south porch, and is of somewhat shallow "dimensions, owing to the restrictions of the church- "yard. The external arch is well moulded, and the "roof simply vaulted in stone. The interior of the "church presents the usual features. The roofs are of "stained deal, that of the nave being of hammer- "beam construction, with moulded intermediate "rafters. The interior walls are plastered, and they "will shortly receive appropriate decoration. The "whole of the arches, capitals, &c., are of simple "masonry, without carving or elaborate detail, the "only exception to this rule being the blank arcade "or panelling in the eastern bay of the chancel. It "consists of three panels at the side and four in "the east end, with a rectangular panel above

"the altar table, containing a sculptured copy, in "high relief, of the 'Last Supper,' in Derbyshire "alabaster.

"In the erection of the new church it was found "necessary to remove a number of graves, but many "will be pleased to learn that the remains of the "Brontë family have not been disturbed. They lie "near the altar. The only part of the old church "which has been utilised is the tower. In the interior "of the church, at the west end, are five marble "tablets, one of which contains the names of deceased "members of the Brontë family. We understand that "the Rev. A. B. Nichols, B.A., purposes erecting a "memorial in the new church, in memory of his late "wife, Charlotte Brontë."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAWKSWORTH, CALVERLEY, GUISELEY.

FROM Burley, instead of taking the Otley road, let us turn to the right at the end of the village, and drive to Menston. The road is somewhat bleak and uninteresting. At Menston resided Charles Fairfax, the son of the first Lord Fairfax. There is some little doubt as to the house in which he lived, but a portion of it is said to be remaining in that at present occupied by Mr. J. B. Padgett. Mr. Padgett's house is a most handsome and comfortable one. Almost the whole of the Old Hall is now taken up on the ground floor by one fine room, and the old entrance has been removed to the end of the building. Though nothing of its ancient character remains in the interior, those portions of the exterior that still exist will by many be looked upon with interest, as in some small degree representing the past. Thoresby relates a fact concerning two sons of Charles Fairfax (born at Menston), which reminds us of the "Comedy of Errors." He says: "Yet more like "were John and Henry, the twin-sons of Charles "Fairfax, Esq., third son of the first Thomas Lord "Fairfax, of Denton; who, as their elder brother, "now of Leeds, informs me, could very hardly be

"distinguished by their nearest relations, and those "who lived in the same house with them; and this "not only when school-boys, but adults, the one a "Captain, the other a Divine (afterwards D.D. and "the worthy Dean of Norwich). Witness the parson "of the parish, whose distraction was visible in his "countenance, when the soldier, as he thought, had "usurped the pulpit that was borrow'd for his "brother. 'Tis the less wonder, that the Captain "often received the compliments of the clergy, and "the Dean the addresses of the soldiers (who would "affirm, they had serv'd under him many years), "seeing their nearest relations, even after a consi-"derable time of discourse together, have found "themselves frequently mistaken: Nay, Dr. Plot "assures us from the Dean's own mouth, that their "parents themselves could not any ways distinguish "them, but that himself had received considerable "gifts intended for his brother."

It is said in Black's Guide that "Cromwell passed "the day with Charles Fairfax at Menston previous "to the battle of Marston Moor." There must be some authority for this statement, or it would not have been made, but I think that it must require a little modification. I can hardly suppose that, while Rupert was marching into York, and out again to give battle to the Parliamentary Forces on Marston Moor, Cromwell could run away to Menston to spend the day with Charles Fairfax. But during the siege it is possible that the two men may have met, for a few hours' intercourse and relaxation, before "the "most enormous hurly burly of fire and smoke, and "steel-flashings and death-tumult," of Marston Moor.

It would, therefore, perhaps be better to amend the valuable Guide by the substitution of the indefinite for the definite article.

Three roads meet at the White Cross Inn at Menston: the one on the left leads to Guiseley, that in the middle to Bradford, that on the right we shall now pursue to Hawksworth. About a mile above is a conspicuous plantation of trees, and behind it is Hawksworth Hall, of which Whitaker says it "gave "name and residence to a family of the highest an- "tiquity, to which authentic records usually ascend. "The house is an irregular stone building of various "periods. The oldest part bears the date of 1611, "on some rich and curious plaster-work, very charac- "teristic of that age. But it has been improved and "modernized from time to time, as the family, unat- "tracted by warmer and more fertile situations, have "clung to their old paternal seat, till in the last "generation the charms of Wharfedale and Farneley "prevailed."

The cause of the migration is thus described by Mr. Cudworth, in "Round about Bradford."

"A select party, the élite of the valley, was invited "to dine at Weston Hall. The butler was in the "pantry arranging his sack glasses and putting the "last polish on the 'loving cup,' when Frank Fawkes, "the young squire of Farnley, in hunting costume "and splashed with mud, was seen making for the "house. 'Show Mr. Frank into the servants' hall,' "called out Mrs. Vavasour, 'and I'll be with him in "'a minute.' Notwithstanding his aunt's blandish- "ments, and her pressing entreaties to 'partake of "'a tankard of Starkie's best ale, and taste Mary

"'Crook's cream cheese,' the young squire saw "through this artifice to keep him from mixing with "the select dinner party; so, declining all refresh- "ments, he trotted of across the 'forty-shilling pas- "'ture,' and made straight for Hawksworth Hall. "Here, his reception was very different. The best "room in the house was not too good for him, and "Mr. Hawksworth was lavish in his entreaties that "the young squire would stay to dine. 'We have "'some grouse, and a few trout out of the Aire, and "'if you will only stay, there is a fawn just put down, "'and with a glass of Malmsey, perhaps you can "'make a dinner.' 'Hold, my dear sir, I am in no "'spirits for feasting to-day. The fact is, I am come "'to borrow money. Can you lend me three hundred "'guineas?' Mr. and Mrs. Hawksworth presently "emptied all their loose cash—guineas, nobles, and "crowns,—into a bag and handed them to the squire, "refusing to take even his note of hand for the "amount. 'My business is too urgent to stay to-day,' "said Frank Fawkes, 'but I'll come again shortly.' "Although several visits were subsequently ex- "changed, not a word was said about the loan until "three months had elapsed, when the bag was "returned untied—the borrower, after expressing his "acknowledgments, explaining that it was a mere "ruse to try their friendship. As previously stated, "the fine estate of Farnley was, at Frank's death in "1786, made over to Walter Beaumont Hawksworth; "and to make it quite certain that the Vavasours "should not succeed to it, he left twenty-five different "wills, made in as many years, and all in the same "terms."

The older part of the hall is very easily distinguishable. It is in the centre of the building, and the gables terminate in ornamented points, whereas the later portions have plain ones. The room referred to by Whitaker is in the central portion, and is known as the king's room. It is panelled and floored with oak, and the ceiling is composed of the plaster-work alluded to. The royal arms and the date 1611, worked on this ceiling, seem to indicate that James I. was the king who used the room; it has, however, been stated by some that Charles I. used it on his way from Scotland. It has been used as a chapel at one time.

The later parts of the house bear the date 1664 on each of the separate portions; and there are some outlying ruins of massive brick walls, the original purpose of which I cannot point out.

The house has only been partially occupied since Mr. Horsfall's death, at which time the old furniture was removed; but those rooms which are used as a farm-house present a most cheerful and cosy appearance. Mr. Fawkes is, I believe, about to restore this venerable piece of his property, and few places near will be able to compete with Hawksworth when it has recovered its pristine beauty.

The road from Hawksworth to Guiseley passes Parkgate, and here we may turn to the right and take a most beautiful walk of a mile and a half through Hawkstone wood to Esholt Hall. "The "parish of Otley," says Dr. Whitaker, "stretching "over the high grounds which separate the valleys of "the Wharf and Are, descends to the bank of the "latter, where it takes in one beautiful and interesting "object. This is the nunnery of Esheholt (the Ash-

"wood), founded by Simon de Ward in the middle "of the twelfth century." The Wards, it will be seen, were Lords of Guiseley. The foundation and confirmation deeds of the priory, as well as other documents, and the names of the prioresses, may be seen in Whitaker by those who wish to study them. There were, on an average, only six nuns. After the Dissolution the nunnery passed through the family of Thompson into that of Calverley. Sir Walter Calverley built the house, and planted the avenue called Esholt walk, which leads to Apperley Bridge. There are still some vestiges of the nunnery in the present house, and a stone, said to be the gravestone of the last prioress, is built into the laundry wall.

There is an association connected with Esholt Hall, which, though recent, will with many outweigh in interest the ancient nunnery. It is said to be the Thornfield of "Jane Eyre."

Speaking of the Brontës I may here mention that Mr. Brontë himself, when residing at Thornton, used to attend the Wesleyan School, Woodhouse Grove, at Apperley, for the purpose of instructing the boys in classics.

A little beyond Apperley Bridge is Calverley, another ancient Saxon settlement. It was laid waste by William the Conqueror, and granted to Lacy, who re-granted it to the son of Gospatric. As we have seen in several other instances, in this early time, the estates passed, on account of the failure of male issue, into another name. In this case, John, a follower of the Empress Maud, obtained it by marriage. Being a Scotchman, he was called Scot, and for some generations the family was known by

the two names of Scot and Calverley. This family contained several valiant soldiers, and two great criminals. Enthusiastic readers of the Newgate Calendar will be disappointed to learn that the history of one of these was devoted to the flames, he having committed "horrible crimes, too dismal" to be repeated. The second felon is a man of some celebrity, because his story fell into literary hands. He is the hero of the play called "A Yorkshire Tragedy," attributed to Shakspeare, improperly, of course. The murder by Calverley of his two sons, and the attempted murder of his wife, took place in the year 1605. He was tried at York and refused to plead. By this means, though he brought upon himself a more painful death, he saved the estate for his family, and thus caused them to avoid that ruin, the fear of which, acting upon his disordered mind, is said to have been the cause of the crime. This Walter Calverley married a daughter of Sir John Brook, and had three sons, William, Walter, and Henry; the last survived, the other two were killed. But it will be remembered that the first scene of "A Yorkshire Tragedy" opens thus:

"*Oliver.*—Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a "pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love."

And further on in the scene, we learn that during the lengthened absence from his affianced bride, he (that is, Calverley) has married another. Whitaker quotes at considerable length a narrative which evidently, as he says, suggested the plot of the drama, and this narrative exactly explains the first scene, the connection of which with the remainder of the play, is very indistinct. I make a quotation from

this prose story on account of the peculiarity of the language:

"Rumor, with his thousand tongues and ten "thousand feete, was not long in travelling before "he had delivered his destasted message to his faire "maisteriss's ears, who, looking for more loving "commendations, and having heard but part of that "as truely it was, the winde of her sighs so raised "up the tide of her tears, that she clipped the report, "ere it could be told out, into many pieces. And "as she would still faine have asked this question, "'is it so indeede,' she was faine to make up the "distracted sillables of her words with the letters of "her eyes. This gentlewoman, Maister Caverley's "wife (if vows may make a wife), tooke with an "inward consideration so to heart this unjust wrong, "that, exercising her houres only in continuall sor- "row, she brought herself to a consumption, who so "plaied the insulting tyrant over her unblemished "beautie, that the civill contention dwelt in her face "of white and redde, was turned to a deathlike pale- "ness, and all her artires (arteries), wherein the "spirit of life doth runne, like giddy subjects in the "empire of her body, greedie of innovation, took "such ungentle parte with his forreigne usurper, that "where health before was her peaceable soveraigne, "now distracted sickness and feeble weakness were "her untimely conquerors. Yet under this yoke of "grief she so patiently endured, that though she had "great reason for a foundation whereon she might "have built arguments to have curst his proceedings, "and where others woulde have contrasted sillables "both of reproach and reproofe against him, she only

"married these letters together: 'I entreat of God "'to grant both prosperous health and fruitful "'wealth to him and his, though I am sicke for "'his sake.'"

The old hall still exists, although in the middle of the seventeenth century the Calverleys left it for the more pleasing situation of Esholt. The wainscoted room in which the murder took place may still be seen.

The parish church dates from the reign of Henry the Second, and after numerous restorations it still remains, and is yet one of the prettiest and most comfortable of country churches. It contains the tombs of many of the Calverley and Blackett families.

We have in this chapter been perhaps too long in a district where the smoke of mills rises up on every hand, but before leaving it let us return through Guiseley and run the risk of being "stunned "by the din of recent population." Here is a curious old church, of which the vicar of Whalley says: "A "beautiful row of columns of the original fabric yet "remains on the south side of the nave. They are "clustered, but have Saxon capitals, and sustain cir-"cular arches; a singular combination, but designed "with great taste, and executed, as far as relates to "the columns, with equal elegance. The choir and "transept have light detached clustered columns "about the time of Henry IV." An engraving accompanies this description, which, if accurate, presents the church in a better condition than that in which it is now found, for the stone-work has been covered with plaster, and painted to represent the hidden masonry. The roof also has been grained to appear

like natural wood. The columns in the second row are weaker and less beautiful than the older ones. Over the clustered columns have been inserted a row of windows. The church was founded by the Wards, "a family of no small consequence," whose members were generally buried at Esholt nunnery. There are, however, many interesting tombs of the neighbouring families. In the churchyard may be seen some stone coffins, and a pretty Saxon cross.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADEL AND KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

LET us take the road to Adel through Arthington, because of the parochial connection of this latter village with the antique spot to which we are going. Nearly a mile beyond the station we turn to the right, opposite the hall, and almost immediately begin to mount a hill unusually steep. As we look round, during the ascent, we see to the east Rawdon hill on the Harewood road, and, a little higher, the grand woods of Harewood Park and the house itself appear in sight. To the north-west we look up the Washburn valley almost from end to end; and due north Alm's Cliff Crags stand clear as ever. Arthington itself, just below, is seen in all its beauty standing by the meandering river. When we have nearly accomplished this toilsome climb, we reach a point where gorse predominates, and just at the top, a hollow among sandstone rocks forms a partial vista, almost closed by graceful trees. At the summit we have gained a fine and rich plateau, and over the comparatively easy ground we soon near Adel. The Roman camp and town, to which allusion will be made immediately, lie about half a mile distant from the church, to the north.

In studying the antiquities of Adel, the book which we should naturally open first is "Archæologia Adelensis," by the late Rev. H. T. Simpson, M.A., Rector of Adel. But if I were to summarize this book, "I might be charged," in the words of Camden, "with putting off his reveries upon persons in their "senses." I must, therefore, go back upon those authorities which have been the groundwork for the reveries of the good Rector.

Thoresby recounts how the site of a Roman town was accidentally discovered, and in how great quantities stone was found, and torn from the foundations of houses distinctly traced. He adds: "At a very "little distance is a Roman camp pretty entire: 'tis "above four chains broad and five long, surrounded "with a single vallum, which from the top of the "agger to the bottom of the trench is yet (notwith-"standing the intervening of so many centuries) "22 foot in the place I measured.

"As I was traversing the ground I found the "fragments of urns and other Roman vessels, one "of which has been 23 inches or 2 feet in circum-"ference, with proportionable handles about 7 inches "thick, most of which are of the common red clay, "though there are some of a pure white, like that "now used for tobacco pipes; some of the vessels "have been washed over with a blewish grey colour, "and some with the best coral-coloured varnish, with "figures in basse-relieve; by which, and the frag-"ments of statues, pillars, aquaducts, inscriptions, "fluted-glass, &c., the station seems to have been of "considerable note. Some years ago there was dug "up a statue to the full proportion of a Roman

"officer, with a large inscription, both which perished "by the worse than brutish ignorance and covetous- "ness of the labourers, who, in a superstitious conceit, "bound wyths or wreaths of straw about the poor "knight, and burnt him, in hopes of finding (by I "know not what magical apparition in the smoke), "some hid treasure, and after, in anger at their dis- "appointment, broke him to pieces, of which only "the head is now remaining.

"Amongst the ruins were found two or three "millstones for grinding corn, which, by the small- "ness of the size (20 inches broad), shew that the "Romans of those, as well as the Egyptians and "Jews of former ages, made use of their slaves or "captives for that employ, who were placed *post* "*molas*."

Dr. Whitaker adds the following: "The name of "Burghduru', which lay waste at the time of the "Domesday survey, and in the next two centuries "had been melted down into Burghedon and Bur- "don, has indeed perished; but its site is sufficiently "ascertained by remains and discoveries which "account for the name. A camp, from its form and "dimensions apparently Roman, had always been "conspicuous on the slope of the hill from Adel, and "the breaking up of some portion of the adjoining "ground in Thoresby's time had led to several im- "portant discoveries, which he has accurately related. "These I need not to repeat. But, within a few of "the last years, nearly the whole of the common "having been thrown into cultivation, the site of "the Roman town, eastward from the camp, with "vestiges of buildings forming streets, and several "other remains, have been disclosed."

To return to Thoresby: "Here," he says, "is a "church of the most antique form that ever I beheld; "and being built of small squar'd stones, like the "Roman wall and multangular tower in York, I verily "thought it the remains of some Roman temple, till "I found in it some Christian histories, particularly "the Descent of the Holy Ghost in the form of a "Dove at our Saviour's Baptism, wrought upon stone "in basso-relievo, but after so extremely rude a man- "ner as sufficiently evidences their great antiquity. "The inhabitants have a tradition that Adel Church "once stood upon Black Hill, the very place where "these Roman monuments were lately discover'd, "occasion'd perhaps by the removal of the stones "from some temple or other publick edifice that "has stood there, upon the destruction of the old "Roman town; but to these ancient matters the "complaint of the poet may well be applied:

"Nec se cognoscunt Terræ, vertentibus Annis."

Following naturally here is this passage from Whitaker's "Löidis and Elmete":—"Here is, un- "doubtedly, one of the most entire and beautiful "specimens of ancient architecture now remaining "in the kingdom; but whether Saxon, properly so "called, or Norman, remains to be determined. "First, then, I must recur to a tradition mentioned "and misapplied by Thoresby, that the church of "the parish had originally stood at Burghdurum. "This is fortified by the discovery of a Saxon wheel "cross among the Roman remains, which plainly "indicates the existence of a place of Christian wor- "ship there in the Saxon period. But at the time "of the Domesday survey Burghdurum lay waste,

"and there is no notice of any church there, or in "any of the manors of Earl Morton or Richard, "which now constitute the parish of Adel. In the "next place, it is difficult to distinguish the enrich- "ments in the architecture which took place a century "before the Conquest from those which continued in "use about fifty years after. Thirdly, before the "reign of Stephen, basso-reliévos and other enrich- "ments almost wholly disappeared. Combining these "circumstances together, I am compelled with regret "to assign to this beautiful work a period almost "immediately after the date of Domesday."

In connection with Dr. Whitaker's supposition, that a Saxon church existed here, I may now mention that Mr. Simpson, whose writings I have somewhat disparaged, was so fortunate as to discover some incised stones, which were, perhaps, Saxon tomb-stones. These stones were discovered at the foundation of the church. The most remarkable portions of the church, which "consists of two plain rectangles;" a nave and choir without aisles or columns, are a beautiful arch between the choir and nave, part of the original building, and a most elaborate porch or door-way, which appears to have been since added to the church. The sculptures on the arch are still very perfect at the top, and clearly indicate the character of those which, lower down, have suffered decay.

Those who have not visited Adel for a few years, or who have studied it only in Whitaker or Simpson, will be agreeably surprised when they see it now. Mr. Street has been at work upon it with very great success. The words which Mr. Simpson wrote: "To

"the passing wayfarer, the present church of Adel "may appear little better than an old barn," is incorrect. It is now a structure of the greatest beauty, and of the most intense interest. It stands in a fine churchyard surrounded by trees, with the parsonage at the corner. The restorations have consisted, chiefly, in a new roof on the nave, carefully constructed on the original plan. The old east window, belonging to the seventeenth century, has been removed to the new vestry, and in its place have been substituted three lancet windows, similar to the old ones in the church. These windows are filled with stained glass, and their effect is very fine. It was not proposed to remove the leper's window in the chancel, but I believe that Mr. Street naturally wished to remove the later windows from the south side of the nave, but the churchwardens objected to the very great loss of light involved. The architect also wished to take away the modern belfry, but his suggestion was not carried out. The interior masonry has been thoroughly cleared of every thing objectionable, and the church has been re-seated in oak. In the churchyard are lying several stone coffins, and in a building across the road may be seen the Roman and Saxon remains which have been already alluded to.

We are, at Adel, getting very near to Leeds, but we shall be able to get a glimpse of Kirkstall Abbey, some three miles further on, without forgetting that we are still in the country.

As we might have expected, Dr. Whitaker excels himself when writing upon Kirkstall. It appears from his "Craven" that a small monastery had been founded at Bernoldswick in the year 1147 by Henry

de Lacy, but the institution did not succeed. "It "often happens," says Dr. Whitaker, "that a man "remains insensible to the inconveniences of his "present situation till he has fallen in love with a "new one. This might in part be the case with "Abbot Alexander (of Bernoldswick), who, journeying "through Aredale on the business of his house, dis- "covered a delicious retreat, embosomed by woods, "and inhabited by a fraternity of poor and laborious "hermits. The contrast between this situation and "his own bleak and barren abode, instantly struck "him: the possibility of talking these simple men "out of the exclusive possession of the place, pro- "bably occurred to him at the same instant; and he "began, with much address, to inquire into their way "of life, their native country, their rule, and, lastly, "their title to the place."

In the end, he did talk them out of the place, and in "June, 1153, the convent finally abandoned "Bernoldswick. The structure of a magnificent "abbey was vigorously begun at Kirkstall; their "patron supplied them with grain, money, and other "necessaries, laid the foundation of the church, which "he finished at his own expense, and assisted in "hastening the buildings which were necessary for "immediate use. The whole was a work of thirty "years, begun and ended under the superintendence "of the same able and active superior, Alexander, "of whose skill and taste almost the whole of this "noble fabric remains a monument to this day."

After the death of Alexander the history of the abbey was chequered by financial difficulties of a very troublesome kind, which, although in the hands

of their able historian present many subjects of interest, I need not now stay to reproduce. In "The History of Leeds" is a remarkable piece of writing by the same pen upon the lovely ruin now under consideration; but when I have given the following extracts from the "Craven" I shall have sufficiently invaded ground which, from its position in the midst of other interesting objects, and its treatment in other hands, I had almost decided to avoid.

"Among the monastic remains of the north of "England Kirkstall may claim the second place, "whether it be considered as a feature in a land-"scape, or as a specimen of architecture. In the "former view it must perhaps yield the palm to "Bolton; in the latter, indisputably to Fountains.

"The lead and timber only were removed at the "Dissolution, and nearly the whole building yet "remains, with few additions to the structure of Abbot "Alexander, and fewer losses by removal or decay.

"The whole exhibits that struggle between the "Norman and early Gothic styles which took place "in the reign of Stephen. The windows are single, "round-headed lights; the doors are of the same "shape, adorned with zig-zag or rectangular mould-"ings; the columns of the church massy, but clus-"tered, with pointed arches and with Saxon capitals, "each varying in pattern from the rest. The cloister "quadrangle, with the various apartments surround-"ing it, is nearly entire. The original refectory (for "there is another of much later date) has been a "magnificent vaulted room, supported on two fine "cylindrical columns, each of a single stone. The

"chapter-house is partly of the original structure, "and partly an enlargement, little prior to the Dis- "solution. The tower, according to the practice of "the twelfth century, was carried at first little higher "than the roof; but a lofty and graceful addition "made to it, apparently about the time of Henry "VII., so loaded the columns on which it stood that, "about twenty years ago, the north-west pillar sud- "denly gave way, and drew after it an enormous "ruin of two sides of the whole tower, which has, "perhaps, contributed to the picturesque effect of "the whole.

"The morning sun, thrown full upon the eastern "front, is here finely contrasted with the impene- "trable gloom of the vaulted apartments within, and "the fortunate neglect of two centuries and a half "has spread over the walls a mantling of the most "luxuriant ivy; while the aged wych-elms, whose "roots twine about the foundations, rear their heads "among the pinnacles, and produce a disposition of "light and shade which has long rendered Kirkstall "a favourite subject for the pencil and the graver."

The association of "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," which has been dissevered from Bolton, may be attached to Kirkstall by those who wish it.

But for one thing we should delight in Kirkstall as much as Bolton. The ruin itself is more beautiful: its position almost equally picturesque. Its proximity to Leeds could be borne; but the black, poisonous stream, which now replaces the once bright river Aire, is a blot upon the beauty of the scene which cannot be ignored.

Instead of returning by Adel through Arthington, we take the more direct route through Bramhope, another beautiful village, and down the side of Otley Chiven. Below, on the right, is Caley Hall; and on the left, first, huge dark rocks, and then pleasant woods.

CHAPTER XIX.

MALHAM AND GORDALE.

WHEN bound for Malham our route lies through Skipton, either by Bolton Bridge or Draughton, as before indicated. After leaving Skipton we pass through Thorlby, and, about four miles on the road, come to Gargrave. Here, according to Dr. Whitaker, "there was a Roman villa called Kirk "Sink, from a tradition that some great ecclesiastical "edifice had there been swallowed up. The stones "of which this building have been composed have "gradually been removed, probably to build the "present church; but the inequalities upon the sur- "face prove it to have been a parallelogram about "300 feet long and 180 wide. In modern times it "was first dug into about seventy years ago; and "the fame of a tesselated pavement discovered at that "time, of which I had seen some remains, induced me "to apply for permission to open the ground again. "But the walls had been so completely grubbed up to "the foundation, that though it was just possible to "ascertain the size of the apartments, which had been "very small, no masses of cohering pavement could "be taken up, and the whole lay in heaps mingled

"with mortar, consisting of cubes of various colours, "some an inch, others not more than half-an-inch in "diameter, together with floor tiles of about three "inches square. On this warm and fertile plain some "wealthy Roman, or some provincial who emulated "the arts of Roman elegance, had fixed his seat; but "the name of the founder and his residence are "equally lost in remote antiquity."

Gargrave Hall, a fine seat, is the residence of Mr. Coulthurst. The church is not an old one. Turning to the right at Gargrave we pass through Eshton, the seat of Sir Matthew Wilson. It is a most beautiful spot, and the fame which it must originally have had for its timber has not diminished, for it is still very finely wooded. The hall is a modern one, and contains valuable pictures. There is, near, a famous spring called St. Helen's Well. The name is supposed to be derived from our well-known countrywoman, Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.

Let us pause here a few moments to consider some of the thoughts which this typical spring calls up. In the first place it will suggest a most sacred association, and, secondly, we shall in a less hallowed connection be reminded of poor Hagar in her misery "at the fountain on the way to Shur;" of Abraham's servant and the camels kneeling "by a well of water "at the time of the evening, the time that women go "out to draw water," and the beautiful Rebekah's courtesy; of Jacob, who began his lengthened service for his beloved Rachel by rolling the stone from the well's mouth and watering the flock.

We then pass in our thoughts to the Pagan world, and to good old Numa Pompilius, "who in all that

"he did, knew that he should please the gods; for "he did everything by the direction of the nymph "Egeria, who honoured him so much that she took "him to be her husband, and taught him in her "sacred grove, by the spring that welled out from "the rock."

I have already referred to the nymph "Verbeia," who represents a principle which guided the Romans, as indicated in the passage of Seneca (given by Dr. Whitaker), who says, "We offer our devotions to the "heads of rivers." Perhaps a feeling more sternly devout but less poetical is seen in the dedication of the "Fountain of Thor" or Thruskell.

The tendency was generally to consider these springs sacred to the gentler sex, as may be noticed in the dedications made by the church. It is most interesting to find that St. Helen's Well, until lately, continued to be decorated with the votive offerings of the simple villagers. In another place Dr. Whitaker remarks on the general subject:—

"The worship of fountains was forbidden in the "constitution of Canute, as a relic of Paganism: "within little more than a century, the same practice "was forbidden by Archbishop Anselm, as a Christian "superstition. This shows how inveterate that princi- "ple is in the human heart; and that, when deprived "of one channel, it will seek another. Remnants of "well-worship subsisted in Craven within half a "century of the present time. St. Helen's Well, at "Eshton, and Routand Well (the 'Brawling Well'), "betwixt Rilston and Hetton, were frequented by "the young people on Sunday evenings in summer, "and their waters drank, mingled with sugar. At

"the latter, the inhabitants of each township punc-
"tiliously kept on their own side of the fountain.
"These harmless and pleasing observances are now
"lost, and nothing better, I fear, has been introduced
"in their place. It is, perhaps, as innocent at such
"hours of relaxation to drink water, even from a
"consecrated spring, as to swallow the poison of
"British distilleries at a public-house."

It is impossible to disagree with the good Vicar on such a point as this.

Before passing from this seductive topic of nymph worship I should like to remind the reader of the beautiful illustration which Milton gives of the subject in *Comus*. The attendant spirit says:

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
"Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure."

This goddess of the river exerted a benevolent influence upon the pastoral operations;

"For which the shepherds at their festivals
"Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
"And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
"Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
"And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
"The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell
"If she be right invoked in warbled song:"

The invocation is surely enough to attract any well-disposed nymph; this is a portion of it:

"By Leucothea's lovely hands,
"And her son that rules the strands;
"By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
"And the songs of sirens sweet;
"Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head."

Lastly, let me give the innocent incantation of the goddess, in her charitable tasks:

"Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
"Drops, that from my fountain pure
"I have kept of precious cure;
"Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
"Thrice upon thy rubied lip,—"

the success of which brings out the blessing which we may still implore for all our lovely streams:

"Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
"Sprung of old Anchises' line,
"May thy brimmed waves for this
"Their full tribute never miss,
"From a thousand petty rills,
"That tumble down the snowy hills."

The country beyond Eshton is not particularly pleasing from an artistic point of view, though occasionally we obtain fine distant landscapes. The road, however, is level and good, and with a fair team of horses the intervening space is soon traversed to Kirkby-Malham and Malham; in fact, the twelve miles from Skipton to Malham may be accomplished in an hour and a quarter.

In the year 1621, Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, presented the vicar with the living of Kirkby-Malham, and in the register may be seen the signature of Oliver Cromwell.

There is a chapel there belonging to Calton Hall, the seat of the Lambert family, which we left on the right. Dr. Whitaker is never tired of abusing, or at least casting contempt upon the heroes of the Parliament. When speaking of a portrait, which he thought was one of Cromwell (though indeed it was not), by Sir Peter Lely, he says: "This gives a truer, that is, a

"worse, idea of the man than any portrait of him which "I have seen;" and here of Lambert, he says: though "well-born, well-bred, little tinctured with fanaticism, "of a competent fortune, an excellent understanding, "and even an elegant taste; he, by an inconsistency "too common in human nature, addicted himself to "the cause of rebellion in the last century but one, "and bore, perhaps, a deeper part in the miseries "of that unhappy period, than any single person, "Cromwell alone excepted." Perhaps these words may appear to some of us, more like a panegyric than a stricture, who glory in the "rebels" of that unhappy period. Major-General Lambert was born at Calton Hall on the 7th of September, 1619; he entered into the war at an early age, directed the siege of Skipton Castle, was at Marston Moor, took Knaresborough, and was successful in fights at Plumpton and Keighley. I omit his actions elsewhere. He commanded the five northern counties with great credit to himself, and was one of those opposed to the death of the king. Under Cromwell he rose to the very highest offices of state. I have referred, when speaking of Lord Fairfax, to the position of Lambert upon the death of Cromwell; and no doubt the unworthy treatment which his old fellow-soldier received must have greatly pained the Lord General. It is refreshing to know, that the keen soldier did credit to the picturesque country of his birth by patronising art—a rare thing then.

On arriving at Malham, described by Gray as "a "village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a "wild and dreary valley," the horses are put up, and we take the road on foot to Gordale Scar, a distance of

a mile and a half. On the way there we enter, from the road, a little nook called Janet's Cave—a green bank sloping down to a small cascade and pool,—which might have been made expressly for a pic-nic. Gordale is approached through a bare and stony field, across which flows the stream that has just passed over the rugged Scar. The rocks are soon reached: they tower above, threatening and closing in as we proceed up the defile. During the summer, when there is not much water in the beck, the force may be scaled, and the open ground above reached, which leads to Malham Tarn. The feeling of those below, on seeing their more adventurous comrades climb the stony staircase, and then suddenly appear upon the sloping edge above, is one of combined admiration and anxiety. Gray says: "I staid there (not without "shuddering) a quarter of an hour, and thought my "trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for "life." It is hardly possible, in a single day, to explore both Malham and Gordale. There are not many, therefore, who will attempt the walk across the top to Malham Tarn, but will make separate excursions to the two places.

It is curious that Gordale belonged to Bolton Priory, while Malham was part of the domains of Fountains; and the monks of the latter used to supply themselves with fish from Malham, and take their sheep from the moors in this locality, still called Fountains Fell, to Kilnsey, yearly, to be clipped. The following is one of the depositions in a lawsuit in the year 1579:

"Edward Hodgson, of Kilnesey, husbandman, "aet. LXXXIIII. an. This jurate saith, That he knew

"the abbaye of Fountance and ye abbots therof for "thirty yeres space next before it was suppressed; "who occupied the groundes called Fountance Felles: "and further saith, that ev're yere for xxx. yeres "space next before the s'd abbay was supp'sed, the "flockes of shepe which depastured upon Fountance "Felles were brought from thens to Kilnesey, wher "they were yerely clipped, and the woole carryed "awaye from thence in waynes to Fountance Abbay, "to thuse of thabbaye and co'vente."

The river Aire commences its course at Malham Tarn, but disappears into the earth again to come out some distance lower. It may be said again to rise at the Cove, a very beautiful wall of rock about three hundred feet high, "stretched in the shape of "a segment of a large circle across the whole valley." At the base the line is broken by trees, but above, against the sky, is the bare sheer limestone, rearing its level front. Phillips thus describes the rising of the Aire: "The principal stream has a very singular "origin. On the limestone hills, above Malham, is a "large piece of water, once larger than at present, fed "from an immense area of dry rocks which absorb "the rain, and yield a part of their stores to this "elevated lake.

"Malham water is on the line of the North Craven "fault, overlooked on the north by the limestone "ranges of Hardflask and Fountains Fell, while, "from below it, rises to the south the depressed band "of the same limestone. The natural exit of the "water is in this direction, as a superficial channel "distinctly shews; but instead of following this channel "to fall in a mighty cascade over the tremendous

"precipice of Malham Cove, the water sinks into the "open jointed limestone rock, and bursts forth in a "full and perpetual stream at its foot. This is the "Aire; it is speedily augmented by a stream from "the cleft rocks of Gordale, and other small branches, "and flows south through an undulated country till "its valley opens into the broader and more level "regions of Craven."

Wordsworth's sonnets on "Malham Cove" and "Gordale" appear to have been suggested by pictures, not by the places themselves. But the poet's knowledge of nature was so intimate, that he could, no doubt, feel the influence of these wonders almost as if present. At the same time, the sonnets do not appear to be equal to those descriptions in the Excursion of his familiar haunts. On "Malham Cove" he says:

"Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
"When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
"Tier under tier, this semi-cirque profound?
. . . . . .
"O, had this vast theatric structure wound
"With finished sweep into a perfect round,
"No mightier work had gained the plausive smile
"Of all-beholding Phœbus!"

"Gordale" I must find room to give entire:

"At early dawn, or rather when the air
"Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve
"Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
"Then, pensive votary! let thy feet repair
"To Gordale-chasm; terrific as the lair
"Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave
"Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive

"The local Deity, with oozy hair
"And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn
"Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
"His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
"Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
"Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
"And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!"

CHAPTER XX.

STUMP CROSS CAVERNS, APPLETREEWICK, BURNSALL, GRASSINGTON.

KEEPING on the higher road from Bolton to Barden, already mentioned, we get an expansive view of a very different kind from that below. Across the valley lie the deer-park and park-knab; and when we look at the more conspicuous hills, a great contrast strikes us. On the right is Beamsley Beacon, warmly clothed with vegetation; on the left Earl's Seat, gray and bare, and only patched at intervals with heather. On this latter ridge the snow sticks more obstinately than elsewhere; but this bastard limestone, though it looks so cruel, when covered with a sprinkling only of earth sufficient for grass to take root in, fattens sheep, and they thrive upon it so well that it is not desirable to bring them from it into other pastures.

We now reach a farm called "The Riddings," and just beyond we have a glorious view before us of broken moorland stretching for many miles. On the left is Barden Scale, and in front Barden Moor, upon which a large reservoir has been constructed.

At night, during the progress of the work, the whole country was illuminated by the electric light under which the workmen toiled as in the day.

Now we reach a pretty little gill and babbling beck: the graceful birch-trees by its side, and the lambs which on this bright May morning have strayed upon the road, compose, together, a delightful picture. There is, however, one drawback to it, for here where the road is very steep more than one accident has occurred.

Barden Tower, which we have constantly seen on our way hither, is now at hand. Before turning to the bridge we may note a road before us which lies over the moor through Embsay to Skipton. There is a road up the valley to Burnsall on this side of the river, but we now cross the bridge and take the longer but more attractive route. At this early season of the year we cannot help noticing the forward sycamore, the wonderfully varied tints of whose young leaves delight the eye; the bursting buds of the smooth-skinned beech and more rugged elm, add a delicate colouring to the rounded surface of the woods. A footpath leads beside the river; but, with a long journey before us, we must trust to our horses rather than to ourselves, and put aside the allurements of the stroll. As we pursue our way we see Drebley down on the left; and further on appears a fir-clad knoll, the base of which is washed by the foaming Wharfe.

When we are about opposite Drebley, near a hamlet called Barden Bridge-End, the road keeps straight on that would lead us to Simon's Seat, through How Gill. Let me here pause for a moment

to say that this height may be ascended on foot by keeping over Storriths, above the Valley of Desolation, and "making, as the crow flies," for the summit. We however, on this occasion, keep to the left and drive aslant over an old bridge, whose builder thought it absolutely necessary to construct it at right angles to the stream. We are now doubling that beautiful hill to which I have already referred, and must note carefully a road to the right, which at another time would give us a fine drive, and which I may indicate here.

This road would take us by Skyre-holm to Stump Cross, where are some very remarkable and beautiful caverns. Speaking of the formation of limestone caves, Phillips says: "From whatever cause the "cave originated, in most instances each has been "traversed by streams, or washed by the dripping of "water containing carbonic acid. Thus the cave has "been, in some instances, enlarged and modified, and "is still undergoing change; in others the original "surfaces are partially or wholly encrusted with "crystallized carbonate of lime left by percolating "water, and sometimes hanging in long stalactites "from the roof, or rising in wrinkled columns of "stalagmite from the floor. The cavern in Greenhow "Hill, though little known and seldom visited, is one "of the most remarkable for its sparry accumulations "which I ever saw. On its floor was a quantity of "brownish mud, which might give rise to expectation "of finding bones; I believe no sufficient trials were "made."

Stump Cross caverns are remarkably fine examples of the action here described, and those who wish to

examine wonderful specimens of stalactite and stalagmite may see them here in perfection. We may pursue this road to Pateley Bridge over Bewerley Moor, which is said to have been the last home of the wild boar in this district.

At the point where we turn off for Stump Cross are some lead mines, which do not improve the landscape. Pursuing our original course we keep to the left, and soon see forward again into the far-reaching valley past Burnsall Brow to other hills beyond. About three miles from Barden is Appletreewick. If we look back for a moment we shall admire Simon's Seat planted in its grandeur behind.

Appletreewick forces its age upon the most casual observer. There are three old halls in it. The first is known as the High Hall, belonging to the Earl of Craven; the second, called the Low Hall, has been lately rebuilt; but the most curious and quaint is the little "Mock Beggar Hall," the origin of whose name I do not know. It contains a circular arch ornamented with a head and a date written in three lines, 1697. The oddest part of it is a pretty wing entered at the top of an external flight of steps, which has the appearance of a pigeon-cote.

I will wait a short time at this village to mention William Craven and his son. The former was born here "of poor parents, who are said to have consigned "him to a common carrier for his conveyance to Lon- "don, where he entered into the service of a mercer "or draper. In that situation nothing more is known "of his history, till, by diligence and frugality, the old "virtues of a citizen, he had raised himself to wealth "and honour. . . . In 1611, he was chosen Lord

"Mayor." The son of this man was made Earl of Craven: his history was an eventful one. We have already come in contact with the three greatest soldiers of the Commonwealth, and in this second William Craven we meet with another noble soldier, an adherent of the Stuarts. In the interest of the ex-Queen of Bohemia, he and the young Fairfaxes, mentioned at Denton, made common cause. But though Lord Craven was distinguished "by a valour "almost romantic," he did not fall in the war as Fairfax did, but lived to be made the subject of a report that he was secretly married to the widowed Queen. The Earl of Craven did not take part in the civil war, but his revenue was devoted to the Royalist cause until the Parliament confiscated his estate. After the Restoration his honours were restored, and he died at the age of eighty-nine.

On leaving Appletreewick our road takes us down beside the river. Burnsall Brow almost faces us, and Hartlington Top is on our right, clothed with grass, and dotted with isolated trees. Hartlington, the next village, is famous in the country side for its saw-mill, where are made stout hurdles which are bought by farmers twenty miles away. A great contrast to the massive hills across the valley, is this lovely picture at the roadside, of the water oozing from the bank and dripping over moss. We are now again some height above the river, and look down longingly on Burnsall, which lies just below, and might be soon reached. It is a model village for cleanliness, airiness, and beauty. It has a look of substance too, with its fine bridge and well-built church, which has been carefully restored within the last twenty-five years.

It had formerly been repaired by the Sir William Craven of whom I have spoken.

Instead of descending to Burnsall, however, we strike up Hartlington Rakes, and must, at this time, be satisfied with the view of Burnsall from above. We see beside the river a footpath leading to some white cliffs at a little distance. A man is said to have fallen into the river at this point, and such is the fury at times of the swollen torrent, that his body was not recovered until it had reached Wetherby. About four miles from Appletreewick we reach Hebden, a high and bright village on the turnpike road from Kilnsey to Pateley Bridge. Here, too, are lead-miners at work, who make use of a huge water-wheel artfully contrived.

Far away on the other side of the valley, near two curiously round, or what Professor Phillips calls "insular," hills, is Thorpe, a pretty village embowered in trees. Dr. Whitaker says: "In a "pasture above this village is a cave called Knave "Knoll Hole, very difficult of access, and from the "narrowness of the entrance, equally difficult to be "discovered. For these reasons it seems to have "been a retreat for some ancient banditti. On "descending into it several years ago I discovered, "besides many bones of sheep, &c., the remains of a "human skeleton." Past Hebden we gain another wide-spread view over Linton, and the lower lands which we shall traverse shortly into Airedale. Linton church, as we now see it, has a most curiously broad and squat appearance. It was built about the middle of the twelfth century. It has since been, first added to, then disfigured; and, lastly, restored about the

same time as Burnsall. The belfry consists of a diminutive tower with a simple cap upon it, and there is a spacious graveyard round the church.

If we still keep upon the higher ground we next reach Grassington,—a very large but bare and uninteresting village in itself: behind is a breastwork of cliffs veiled with foliage. There is no church here, and the inhabitants who belong to the Established Church attend at Linton. One of the Lords of Grassington was Robert de Plumpton, about whom Dr. Whitaker says: "He obtained licence to have a "chapel in his manor house at Nesfield, on condi- "tion of offering annually a pound of frankincense "on the high altar of the parish church of Ilkley."

For about a mile beyond the village the country is open, and the land is cut up into small fields, surrounded by hard glittering limestone walls. But at that distance we enter a wood, and if it were not a bright spring morning, we might be affected by the tragic associations of the place. Down below is Ghastrill's Strid; and near this gate, on the right, Tom Lee murdered Dr. Petty; while upon the rocks above, which we can scarcely see through the thick vegetation, stood the gibbet from which the body of the murderer hung in chains—the last instance, it is said, of this barbarous but judicial method of terrifying people out of crime. On the left, overlooking the river, is Netherside Hall. As soon as we emerge from the wood, Kilnsey Crag appears in sight, confronting a white amphitheatre of rocks. We cross the river at the pretty village of Conistone, where there is a simple and very ancient chapel. Dr. Whitaker refers it, "with little hesitation, to a period

"before the Conquest." In 1846, this chapel was restored. One of the houses in the village contains a stone with the date 1657 carved upon it. In the Protector's peaceful reign some building, therefore, was undertaken in these Yorkshire valleys.

CHAPTER XXI.

KILNSEY, THRESHFIELD, RILSTON.

AT Kilnsey, having put up our horses for their well-earned interval of rest, we walk to the end of the crags; and, entering the field at their foot, we spread our long-expected feast on the grass beside the brook. Close by, several springs burst from the rock and hurry down to join the limpid stream; and, clinging to the rocks, where even the hardy goats which browse above dare not venture, are well-grown trees. The cliff furthest from us stands, with a distinct resemblance to a giant sphinx, dwarfing the country round; and across the valley the white-gray striated limestone shimmers in the sun. To the north we see two valleys; that on the left brings down the river Skirfare, which runs by Litton and Arncliffe to join the Wharfe; and that on the right through which the Wharfe itself flows, would, if we could pursue it further, lead us by Kettlewell, Starbotton, and Buckden, to the source of the river. Two miles north of Kilnsey is Dowka-bottom Cave, in which are

grottos of beautiful petrefactions. Those who are able to take the additional trouble of exploring this cave will not regret the exertion.

I should not leave Kilnsey without reminding the reader that it was the place where the sheep-shearing took place of the flocks from Fountains Fell. Nowhere could we find a spot where we could better enjoy Thomson's description of the busy scene. His exquisite passage is too long to give entire. We see the "troubled flocks" and "mazy-running brook," "the bank abrupt and high," and we can hear the sheep when

> "Their loud complaints
> "The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock
> "Incessant bleatings run around the hills."

On our return we have a fine view of Netherside,—whose glen would well fill up many a lingering hour,—and about four miles from Kilnsey we reach Threshfield. We might now continue by the road on the right bank of the river through Burnsall; but as we never lost sight of it from the other bank, we will return by Skipton. Grassington we see lying bare on the opposite hill-side, and Linton is below.

I would gladly, as we drive on, give a short account from Dr. Whitaker of the ancient manners of this latter village and the district, but the subject cannot be treated in a very limited space. I will merely express a hope that a future opportunity may occur of doing this. "Line," the word for flax, which gave name to Linton, is still, rarely, used. The descent of the tenements, from father to son, mentioned in "The History of Craven," was so regular

as almost to have been looked upon as an hereditary right; and the moderate habits of living, there described, have an additional testimony given to their value by a doctor who, to my knowledge, was obliged to leave the neigbourhood out of fear of starvation.

Threshfield is another antique village, made picturesque by stately timber. We soon pass Catch-all Corner, where there is an inn of that name, and here a road leads back to Linton and Grassington. We are now on the main highway which connects Skipton with all the villages up the valley. The carts we meet bear the names of farmers from Arncliffe and Kettlewell, Buckden and Starbotton; and the transit of such commodities as coal is only one stage easier than it was when pack-horses toiled over the moors. The hollow land between the Wharfe and the Aire seems like a valley without a stream. Beneath, on the left, we see Threapland situated in fat pastures, and shortly reach Cracoe, another admirable village. Like Leathley, it is wide and roomy, the houses well set back and shadowed by noble trees. The immense moor which spreads above is here called Cracoe Fell.

We might at this point go on to Hetton, Winterburn, and Calton, which last we have already seen in Airedale, but turning to the left we make for Rilston, a lovely village independently of all associations. First, we see the church, which has been entirely rebuilt of late years. The allusion in the "White Doe of Rylstone" to the Sabbath music of the Rilston bells was suggested by the words cast on one of them—"God us ayd."

"The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
"While she sate listening in the shade,
"With vocal music, 'God us ayde;'
"And all the hills were glad to bear
"Their part in this effectual prayer."

Everybody has read Wordsworth's pathetic poem, but perhaps everybody does not know that it is exactly what he calls it,—a poem of the imagination. Richard Norton was concerned in "The Rising of the North," and carried the standard in that rebellion. His brother Thomas and his son Christopher were executed for being concerned in it, but he himself was not, nor were any of his other children. He had, indeed, beside Francis, his first-born, "eight brave sons" and more, for there were eleven in all, and seven daughters. Dr. Whitaker says that Richard Norton was "a turbulent man, violently addicted to "the old religion." Wordsworth took his ideas partly from the ballad, "The Rising of the North," especially the "eight good sonnes," and their death, and the refusal of Francis to join the insurgents. The decay of the manor house, and the loss of the estates by the Nortons, is thus put by the poet:

"O sister, I could prophesy!
"The time is come that rings the knell
"Of all we loved, and loved so well:
"Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
"To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
"Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
"Are doomed to perish utterly:

"For we must fall, both we and ours—
"This mansion and these pleasant bowers,
"Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
"Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;

"The young horse must forsake his manger,
"And learn to glory in a stranger;
"The hawk forget his perch; the hound
"Be parted from his ancient ground:
"The blast will sweep us all away—
"One desolation, one decay!"

The following quotation will shew the origin of the "White Doe." "After Rilston came into pos-"session of the Cliffords, the same ground, with part "of the fell above, was enclosed for a park, of which "it still retains the name, and the name only.

"At this time a white doe, say the aged people of "the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly "pilgrimage from hence over the fells to Bolton, "and was constantly found in the abbey churchyard "during divine service, after the close of which she "returned home as regularly as the rest of the "congregation.

"This incident awakens the fancy. Shall we "say that the soul of one of the Nortons had taken "up its abode in that animal, and was condemned to "do penance for his transgressions against 'the "'lords' deere' among their ashes? But for such a "spirit the wild stag would have been a fitter vehicle. "Was it not, then, some fair and injured female, "whose name and history are forgotten? Had the "milk-white doe performed her mysterious pilgrimage "from Ettrick Forest to the precincts of Dryburgh "or Melrose, the elegant and ingenious editor of the "'Border Minstrelsy' would have wrought it into a "beautiful story."

Wordsworth accepted this challenge, and performed the task set out with so much taste and feeling

that Rilston will hereafter be a name full of pathos, and the sufferings of Emily, even when their story shall have retired

"Into a deep recess of years,"

will never fail to enlist a ready sympathy.

A great contrast to the lovely and tree-shaded village,—situated in which I should mention a fine old house belonging to Canon Chamberlain,—is the unusually rugged and bleak Rilston Fell above, whose black rocks look as if they were still mourning for the ill-fated Norton family.

Two miles beyond the village, and conspicuous from all sides, stand the ruins of Norton Tower. It was used as a watch-tower and pleasure-house combined, and Wordsworth, still following Whitaker, thus speaks of it:

"High on a point of rugged ground
"Among the wastes of Rylestone Fell,
"Above the loftiest ridge or mound
"Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
"An edifice of warlike frame
"Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
"It fronts all quarters, and looks round
"O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
"Dark moor, and gleams of pool and stream
"Upon a prospect without bound.

"The summit of this bold ascent—
"Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
"As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
"From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
"Had often heard the sound of glee
"When there the youthful Nortons met,
"To practice games and archery;

"How proud and happy they! the crowd
"Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!
"And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
"From showers, or when the prize was won,
"They to the tower withdrew, and there
"Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
"And the stern old lord of Rylstone-hall,
"Was happiest, proudest of them all!"

CHAPTER XXII.

FEWSTON, BRIMHAM ROCKS, BLUBBERHOUSES.

ON this occasion let us start from the point where the fourth chapter of the book closed, namely, Farnley Chapel. On leaving the churchyard we turn directly to the left, and enter the Washburn valley almost immediately. Down below, where the river used to be, lies the same river swoln into an immense lake—the lowest reservoir of the Leeds Corporation. The fine works at the lower end, and the bridge at the upper end of the sheet of water, substitute an element of grandeur for the former rusticity of the scene. We cross the bridge, and commence a stiff ascent past Lindley Wood, through landscapes which, towards the top of the hill, become almost wild. Here, on the right, is an inviting spot to pic-nic in, where the solitude is disturbed only by the rabbits which appear to thrive on the bare hill top. We have now come about four miles from Farnley, and have attained a great height, and are wondering when we shall be able to see out of the Washburn valley to the far away country beyond.

The valley we are traversing is steep and closed in, somewhat bleak, and clothed with the haggard larch; now, without leaving this, we gain the summit, and a wonderful stretch of country lies at our feet. The rocky rabbit-warren is behind on our right, and slopes down into a foreground splendidly coloured. Let us examine this April picture. The fields in the distance have not yet begun to grow; the grass has a worn-out look as if tired by its efforts to give a scanty pittance, during the winter, to the half-starved sheep. Between the fields and the rocks, the heather, which preserves still the withered flowers of the past season, mixes with the pale bent-grass, and a new element is also presented by the rushes which spring out of the undrained grass-land. These rushes are of a dark but brilliant yellow, and by their tint and position are invaluable in the landscape. Away in the dim distance may be discerned the dark outline of Brimham Rocks, and, to the right, a long line of trees is thrown against the sky. Down below, far on the left, is the village of Fewston, with the square tower of its church conspicuous; and stretching from behind us, up to and beyond Fewston, lie the splendid reservoir-lakes which end at Blubberhouses. As we move on, the changing scene presents pictures worthy at every step of poet's pen and artist's brush.

Fewston was once the residence of Edward Fairfax, the poet. His chief work was the translation of Tasso, but he wrote many other poems. At Fewston, and in the beautiful scenery round, he must have drawn many inspirations from nature, and we may connect his words with the country which his eyes rested upon daily. May we not think of the Wash-

burn when we read these lines, which well express the inter-dependence of water and vegetation?

"On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
"Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled;
"Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
"And so exchanged their moisture, and their shade."

Where formerly the river ran there is now, to use his own words again,

"A quiet, still, transparent flood."

His house can no longer be seen, nor can the site even be pointed out. It lies beneath the wave; or in more modest words the house was pulled down during the engineering works, and the reservoir covers the place. There is a small island just below the church, and one end of the island was a portion of the garden of Edward Fairfax's house. Fewston church dates from the end of the sixteenth century, but it has been spoilt and restored since that time. There remain some parchment leaves of the register, in which a few interesting entries are still to be seen referring to the families of Sir Ferdinando and Charles (of Menston), as well as Edward Fairfax. We saw when visiting Denton that Sir Thomas lived at Skow Hall in his early days; this house still exists and is visible from Fewston, in which parish it is situated. It may be passed on one of the roads from Farnley, nearer the river than that by which we came.

Fewston is well worth visiting on account of the magnificent engineering works of the Leeds Corporation. At this point a massive series of embankments keep back the water in the higher reservoir, and a very handsome and beautifully curved canal leads off the surplus water which in winter is continu-

ally flowing. The works themselves excite admiration, and their value in the supply of pure water to thirsty Leeds gives them an additional charm.

But when we consider the bright side of this stupendous work, we are irresistibly driven to recognize at least one dark side. I should explain that the village is situated on a steep hill-side; and though a gradual and almost imperceptible sinking of the ground towards the river has been noticed always, no inconvenience had been experienced from this fact until the workmen with their spades and barrows arrived to dam the river back. And now that the water rolls in a mighty volume below, a change—appalling to those affected by it—has gone on. At the present moment the village exhibits a terrible scene of disaster. Houses have been twisted as if they were pasteboard, roofs have fallen in, and rents made in the side. In one field I saw a stone wall which had been carried bodily and still upright down the slope six yards below the original fence from which it had been torn. I also, easily, entered some of the houses through the gaps which had been made in the walls. Naturally, the majority of the houses are tenantless, and a "deserted village" Fewston is in truth. Many sad stories might be told of this wreck: one will suffice. A cobbler who had by hard work saved about £180, invested it in building two very respectable cottages near his own simple dwelling. These he let at a few shillings a week, and congratulated himself on a comfortable old age. But "the flood came," and his houses now stand empty: "his house is left unto him "desolate" too literally.

I am informed that the Leeds authorities object to pay for the damage which has been caused, but this is scarcely credible. No doubt in a case of this kind much circumspection is needed to prevent improper claims being founded upon hurriedly promised compensation. A subject of this sort is most seductive to the scientific and legal mind, and some ratepayers would demur to every claim, however righteous, upon principle; but the cobbler, in all likelihood, prefers to throw himself upon the common sense and right feeling of Leeds, rather than attempt the hopeless task of depending upon experts, and all he need ask is, that his wrecked cottages should be visited by the good people of the offending town.

We may return from Fewston by crossing the embankment and making south till the road reaches the top of the moor. If we continue on this road over the ridge it will lead us into Askwith, and we may then return either by Denton ford,—a little lower down the river than the Wheatly ford,—or by Ilkley Bridge. I mention this route from Fewston now, because it is also the best way of reaching Brimham Rocks. In fine weather it is possible, if we turn to the right just before the top of the moor is reached, to keep straight over the heather, by a rather indistinct track. This makes a magnificent walk. In crossing, the secret of success in not losing the track is to aim for the lower end of a large plantation of firs. Further down, a road leads into Denton, past the church.

Continuing our drive to Brimham Rocks we leave Fewston by a narrow lane between the inn and a small house. A drive over Forest moor brings us

into the valley of the Nidd. We leave Day Ash on the left, Darley on the right, close by the river, pass through Dacre, and at Dacre Bank cross the stream to confront a steep hill which lies between us and our goal.

The drive to Brimham Rocks has been about nineteen miles. We have crossed three rivers and have traversed two moors besides the one we started from, and the one we reach. The drive, though not so long as some that we have taken, is more toilsome than any, but it quite makes up for the labour by the glories that it unfolds. The rocks themselves that we have come to see fully repay us. They present a remarkable series of curious and fantastic shapes: rocks in the shape of cannons, rocks in the shape of animals, rocks that rock (to use an unavoidable play upon the words), and rocks with all manner of perforations. The strata are placed horizontally, a position which has facilitated these strange formations. After lunch we commit ourselves into the hands of the guide, and examine all the curiosities: this done we must devote some little time to the quiet enjoyment of the scene.

There is no picture, hanging on the walls of memory, which even when faded, is more beautiful than this. We stand above, among the wondrous rocks, while about us and them the deep bracken and the warm rich heather lave: sloping away from the foreground are the green fields which change their hues a thousand times before the eye reaches the marvellous blue and white of the far horizon. The only changes are caused by the rare clouds which flit across and carry away the load of sunbeams snatched by

them from the earth. If the mind depended on external peace alone, here it would be indeed at peace!

We do not return by the same road, but, after crossing the Nidd, keep more to the west over the ground which the Romans used to traverse, which we leave before reaching the Washburn, and turn to the right into Blubberhouses.

This village takes its name from the "Blueberg" according to a very plausible derivation which I will give in the words of Dr. Collyer, in a pretty "Story in Rhyme" which he has lately sent home from America:

"Thou's surely not going," shouted mine host,
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born;
"Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
"And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
"To Blueberg hooses, and Washburn dale;
"Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon
"And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Robert Collyer's smithy still remains at this little place by the Bluehill, and the workshop of this second Elihu Burritt will have much interest to many.

A very favourite walk is straight over the moor from Ben Rhydding to Blubberhouses, keeping well to the west of the Fewston track.

Continuing our drive we steadily mount for about two miles, the road being lined by larch woods for a great distance. We are aiming for Bolton Bridge, and at the end of about five miles we pass Beamsley Hospital, and regain the well-known spot from which we travel homewards in the deepening shadows of the evening.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RIPON, AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

WE have now finished those drives which may be taken with enjoyment during six months of the year. One still remains, which ought to be ventured upon only when the days are long, and the weather fine. We have been as far as Ripley, and from this pleasing town we may now pursue the road to Ripon, some nine miles beyond.

This city should justly be made the subject of a somewhat lengthened discussion, but my drawing must not be thrown out of perspective by making it too prominent. It has those advantages which belong to a cathedral town, and the drawbacks which at the same time are said to make its life rather monotonous in our active age. Ben Rhydding is in the diocese of Ripon, which has, therefore, a further claim upon us. The town is a very pleasing one, situated upon the Ure and Skell. Many of the houses are quaint, and the market-place is fine.

The ecclesiastical history of the city commences early. A monastery is said to have been built about the middle of the seventh century, and destroyed three hundred years afterwards during the inroads

of the Danes. Leland says, "The old abbay stode "wher is now a chapel of our Lady in a botome, "one close distant from the new minstre. One "Marmaduke, abbot of Fountaines, obtained this of "Archbishop Salvage, and pulled down the est end, "a piece of exceeding antient work, and buildid a "fair piece of new work, leving the west end "standing. I notid 3 crossis standing in a row at "the est end of the chapel garth, *antiquissimi operis*, "and monuments of sum notable men buried there; "so that of al the old monastery of Ripon and the "toun, I saw no likely tokens left after the depopu- "lation by the Danes in that place, but only the "walls of our Lady chapel and the crossis. The "new minstre is set upon the hill, a fair and bigge "pece of work. The body of the church of very late "dayes made of a grete widenesse by the treasour "of the church, and help of gentilmen of the cuntery. "Ther be 3 grete old towres with pyramides on them, "two at the west end, and one in the midle. The "common opinion is, that Odo, Archbishop of Can- "terbury, coming into the north part had pitie of the "desolution of Ripon chirch, and began or causid "a new work to be edified wher the minstre now is. "Howbeit, the hole chirch that now standith, indubi- "tately was made sins the Conquest. The minstre "now servith for the parish chirch." He continues: "The very place where the market stode and the "hart of the town is, was sumtimes caullid Holly- "hill, of holly trees ther growing; whereby it appe- "rith that that part of the town is of small continu- "ance. Ther apperith by east-north-east, at the town "end, a great hill of earth cast up in a plain close

"bering now the name of Ilshow-hill, wher, by all "likelihood, hath ben some great fortres in the "Britons' tyme. At the north end of the town, in "a side of a close behind the bishop's palace, is "another hill like a hepe of a castle, bearing the "name of Allhallows-hilles, so that one of the hilles "standeth directly set agayn the conspect of the "other. There hath bene hard on the farther ripe "of Skelle a great number of tainters for woollen "cloths, wont to be made in the town of Ripon, "but now idelnes is sore encreased in the town, and "clothe makyng almost decayid."

With reference to Leland's note upon Ilshow-hill, Camden remarks that it was "said to have been "thrown up by the Danes," and Gough adds: "Hilshaw-hill, on the east side of the town, is made "up of human skeletons laid in regular order, greatly "decayed, discernable from the top to the bottom of "the hill. Whether they were buried after a plague "or a battle, or from the rubbish of the ruined "monastery, or on what account the hill was raised, "is quite uncertain. It had for some time past been "covered with wood. A considerable number of brass "sticas, of which 8 made a pfening, of the later race "of kings of Deira, after its reduction by Egbert, "were found here 1695." Later authorities state more distinctly that the mound is the burial-place of those who were slain by the Danes. Whether they are right I cannot say.

Ripon used to be famous for the manufacture of spurs. The editor of "Camden" says: "When James "the First came to Ripon, April 15, 1617, he was "presented by the corporation with a gilt bow and

"a pair of spurs, the latter article cost 5l. It was "proverbially said of a man of trust and fidelity, "'He is as true as Ripon spurs.' They might be "forced through an half-crown." Spurs, though still useful, held once a higher position in public estimation than they do now, so much so, that they became the emblem of knighthood in the days of chivalry. No doubt the men who made such good steel had something in their characters to correspond with the metal they worked.

The "pyramids," which Leland refers to as being on the church, no longer surmount the towers: one fell down, and the other two were consequently removed. The bishopric is a modern institution here, and we may forgive the simplicity of the cathedral when we consider that even the mighty towns of Liverpool and Manchester have found it easier to obtain bishops and instal them in parish churches, than to erect cathedrals worthy at once of their generosity and piety. Venerable fabrics, such as St. Albans and Ripon, can alone replace the necessity of the Lamp of Sacrifice.

The cathedral, although perhaps it is not so elaborate as some others, is well worthy of study; but we must now continue our journey, and take the Pateley Bridge road from Ripon to Studley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon. As in the case of Bolton, where the Duke of Devonshire offers the beauties of his noble estate to his fellow-countrymen who toil in a humbler sphere, so here the Marquis of Ripon generously admits into his magnificent grounds all who wish to see them. The park itself is worth the journey, also the lovely Ransom church,

whose modern foundation was laid in as much sorrow as was that of Bolton itself in years gone by.

Fountains Abbey stands on the banks of the Skell, and is well known as the finest Cistertian ruin remaining. It was founded in the year 1132 by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, for some monks who had left St. Mary's Abbey in his cathedral city, "longing to serve God in a stricter course of life," and who, before his help came, "had struggled with "a long series of difficulties." This famous abbey was the parent of seven other monasteries, and the grand-parent of at least three more. The name is said by some to be derived from Fontaines, the birthplace of St. Bernard; by others to be merely a re-translation from the Latin of the word Skell, which, as we have seen in the case of Thruskell, means a fountain.

The general arrangement of the buildings was similar to that of Bolton and Kirkstall. The cloister court extended along two-thirds of the south side of the nave of the church, and to the west of it, as at Bolton, was situated the dormitory, which was of great length. Beneath the dormitory was the remarkable cloister, which still exists in a wonderful state of preservation. To the south of the cloister court was the refectory, which was placed north and south instead of east and west as at Bolton; and on the east side of the court, which at Bolton was almost entirely flanked by the south transept, there was found room for the chapter-house in the same position as that at Kirkstall. To the south of the chapter-house lay the frater-house, and from its north-east corner a long passage led to the Great Hall, beyond

which were the kitchens and the apartments of the abbot. At the north side of the north transept was the tower, that is, the second tower, in the perpendicular style; this site having been chosen when the usual disappearance of the original tower took place. Beyond the choir the lady chapel is thrown out north and south. It is said that there were nine altars in the chapel. The architecture is of various styles, Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular, the nave being the oldest, and the tower the latest part.

The architects of the time shortly preceding the Dissolution appear to have been actuated by a rather peculiar taste for hieroglyphics. Prior Moon, at Bolton, has his name inscribed by a carved crescent; and Abbot Derntun, of Fountains, has part of his name given to him—Dern, and the rest is left to be inferred from a sculpture of an eagle (the symbol of Saint John), representing the Christian name John, and this bird is perched on a *tun*, which is the missing part of the abbot's name. The dignity of John Derntun is expressed by a crosier, which the eagle holds.

When speaking of Bolton, I intimated that the discipline of Fountains became very lax, in marked contrast to its sanctity in early years, and Dr. Whitaker quotes a document given by the Abbot of Fountains in its later days in which he has the evil boldness "by one stroke of his pen to abrogate the "satisfaction of the Redeemer, the necessity of "repentance, the obligation to good works, and to "annex an assurance of salvation to the *opus* "*operatum* of a visit to Kirkstall,"—to offer immorality as the return for a pilgrimage. But in

another place, after an eloquent description of the temptations and the failings of the monks, the same author adds: "After all these abatements, I scruple "not to repeat that the monks of this period were "the best men of their times, and to express a "charitable hope that many of them are saints in "heaven."

So here, at a long distance from home, among the deeply interesting monuments of the past, I prepare to close this sketch of a district which is as dear to many of us as earthly spots can be. I shall be glad if I have escaped violating the sanctity of a single association of haunters of the woods and nymph-hiding rills in my attempt to introduce the uninitiated to the beauties of the grand Yorkshire country which those who know it love.

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